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[Entered as second class matter.]

No one can be so deeply interested in the thorough investigation of the Cronin murder as the friends of Ireland, and especially those Irishmen who are members of the organization known as the Clan-na-Gael. There is a general belief, resting too on palpable grounds, that the death of Dr. Cronin was the result of premeditation and conspiracy, and that its reasons were other than personal. The Clan-na-Gael can ill afford to leave upon its name so foul an imputation. The Irish leaders must clear their cause from all implication in the crime, for America will have nothing to do with any people or any cause whose implements are foul conspiracy and murder. Ireland has no enemies among the English who can do her one-tenth the harm that those of her own children inflict upon her when they resort to the dynamite bomb, the bullet, or the midnight murder.

So terrific was the Johnstown disaster that all other incidents of the flood, widespread and desolating though it was, seem hardly worthy of a passing word, and yet in other parts of Pennsylvania, in New York, in Maryland and Virginia the closing days of last week and the early days of this, were days of destruction and death. The Susquehanna River in particular rose beyond all hitherto recorded heights and wrought great ruin along its course. Its most terrible work however was accomplished in Williamsport, where seventy or eighty people were standing on the solid bridge that spans the river watching the seething tumult of waters below. All in a moment, before the danger could be seen or realized, a great mass of lumber was hurled against the piers, and in another instant the bridge with all its freight of human life was thrown into the rushing river. Rescue was well-nigh impossible, and as far as can be learned scarcely a soul was saved.

The recent General Assembly of Presbyterians in New York did one thing at least that entitles it to all honor among those who admire consistency and approve of Christian conduct among Christian people. A report was submitted to the assembly forming colored Presbyterians into churches, presbyteries and synods by themselves. This was after the manner of the South Carolina and Virginia Episcopalians who have excluded the blackman from their church organizations; but the northern Presbyterians are evidently a different kind of people for they voted down the measure by a majority of three to one, thus manifesting their belief that God is not disposed to despise the children that he has made black, or to receive their devout worship less willingly than that of their white brothers. It is a queer kind of Christianity that cries out, "Lord, since thou hast made me whiter than other men are, send these men hence." The Presbyterians have commended themselves to all serious people by their eminently sound and sensible and Christian course.

No one expected anything but a straightforward and vigorous administration of the state department when it was put in charge of that eminent American, Mr. Blaine. The prompt and conspicuously successful conclusion of the Samoan difficulties, and the vigilant watch kept upon matters in Hayti and in the Alaskan waters cannot fail to please patriotic Americans and convince even the most skeptical that our foreign relations are in excellent hands. It is reassuring furthermore to see the vigor and aggressiveness with which the navy department is moving towards efficiency. Now that Secretary Tracy has the Puritan completed and ready for action, he has turned immediately to another boat, the monitor Amphitrite, which was some time ago left in an unfinished condition. The secretary has had the monitor taken to League Island and with the rapid prosecution of the work now in progress, this valuable addition will in a short time be made to our fleet. Secretaay Tracy might not have been much of an old salt. but he has energy and despatch and has proved himself the right man in the right place.

One of the most fortunate elements in the composition of that complex being man is the limit placed upon his capacity for suffering. Physical pain if carried very far brings unconsciousness and surcease of torture. The Pennsylvania tragedy has shown how true this is also of mental pain. After the first terrible blow had struck, the survivors seemed to lose power to realize the horrors of the situation. They were stunned and dazed. They went about seeking their lost ones, gathering them together as they were found, replying to one another's questions about the dead almost with the appearance of indifference. "How many have you lost?" one would ask. "All gone," would come the laconic reply and both would pass on as if the question had been of the most casual nature. There comes a point in the process of mental torture beyond which the mind refuses to suffer and becomes dull and inert. Sights that ordinarily would have frozen the blood in their veins became almost commonplace. Those who had never before looked upon blood without a sickening sensation, at the least, or viewed death except with dread, washed the mangled and charred remains of the victims and prepared them for the burial with no emotion of repugnance. This deadening of sense and mind under so terrible an ordeal is indeed most fortunate. Had every faculty retained its normal acuteness and sensitiveness the falling waters of the Conemaugh must have left maniacs to guard the corpses.

THE NEW YORK INVESTIGATION.

The friends of Civil Service Reform who for several years back have had but little cause to feel any other emotion than sadness, can now take heart. We have a commission that is thoroughly in earnest. The animating genius of the triumvirate is young Mr. Roosevelt, who seems in a way to win laurels compared with which his former achievements will appear small and lustreless. But Mr. Lyman and Mr. Thompson will be worthy allies, and Civil Service Reform from being the pitiful byword that it has been these three or four years, will soon be a recognized force.

The Commission has made its report on the investigation just completed of the New York Custom House. Beginning with the straightforward and unambiguous statement that "the recent management of the examinations for admission has been characterized by great laxity and negligence, and on the part of some of the Custom House employes by positive fraud," the report passes on to say that certain of the examinations have been farcical in character; that members of the examining board have openly ridiculed the reform, and have converted the examining rooms into rendezvous for political workers; and that men who passed with high per cents have not been notified of their standing and that on application to the board they have been refused the information. The evidence before the Commission proved that candidates had had their examination papers written by others, and that Custom House employes had obtained questions in advance, and sold them to applicants. The commission censures the recent board of examiners, recommends the discharge of certain employes, and singles out the man Terhune, the most shameless of the sellers of examination papers, as a fit subject for indictment. The Civil Service laws are at last in a fair way to become respectable.

"SHOT AND ROPES."

One of our daily contemporaries has professed to be much moved that Mr. Talmage, a minister of the gospel and a preacher of peace and good will, should have advocated in his remarks on the great disaster in the New York World, the summary taking off of those who were found mutilating and robbing the dead. The sentences of the reverend doctor can never be accused of lacking point, and his utterance on the matter certainly was not wanting in vigor, as will be evident from the appended quotation.

"While christian relief, with food and medicines, comes upon the scene it is confronted with demons who are robbing the dead. May there be shot and ropes enough on the ground to hang them or shoot them all. No judge or jury or trial are appropriate for such incarnate fiends. They ought not be allowed to live an hour. Away with them from the face of the earth—the quicker the better."

This is certainly unusual language for the large-hearted and peace-loving divine, but the case was unusual and in no way to be measured by ordinary conventions and it is much to be doubted if the consentient opinion of sensible people will not entirely sustain Mr. Talmage's position. The occasion was not only a most horrible one, but it was one in no way to be judged by the usual rules. The ordinary methods of the law it was impossible to enforce. Arrests in the usual legal manner were impossible; there were no officers to do the work, and no jails to lodge the culprits in. Nor was there time for delay or formality. With the dregs of Pittsburg emptied on the ground by each succeeding train; with bands of half-heathen Hungarians and Italians prowling about like beasts of prey, some check had to be put to the work of the ghouls. The rope and the bullet were the only check, and the fact that they were called into play for so short a time and in so few instances shows how salutary they were and how wise their employment.

THE CONEMAUGH HORROR.

The one engrossing topic of the week, compared with which all others seem small and trivial, has been the awful doom that has fallen upon the Conemaugh Valley. It is no exaggeration to say that never before in a time of peace has an event so appalled the English-speaking world. Disasters have occurred, more terrible in the number of their victims, but they befell remote and semi-civilized communities, and for that reason they did not strike home with such a feeling of horror as attends this terrible dispensation. No accident or wild outburst of nature that ever befell the people of this country remotely approached in destruction the Conemaugh flood. We have had disasters before by earthquake, blizzards, fire and flood, but none of these nor all of them together have equalled the devastation of the Pennsylvania deluge. The minute details of the disaster have been so generally made known as to render further description gratuitous. But the pen of a Hugo or a Reade would be incapable of depicting the horrors of the scene. Nor can the human mind adequately grasp it. Only those who stood in its actual presence and saw with their own eyes the maelstrom of death can ever know its terrors.

It seems hardly a fitting time to moralize, but the fate of Johnstown and its ill-starred neighbors shows more glaringly than ever before the sad thoughtlessness of people who ought to think, and the terrible indifference that is too often maintained in the face of impending peril. The carelessness of those who owned the reservoir keeping as they did simply for purposes of pleasure an imminent menace over thousands of people, was culpable to the point of criminality. But what can be said of the indifference of those who lived in the shadow of a terrible doom? Though the unsafe condition of the dam had long been a matter of speculation and discussion and though on the fatal Friday many warnings of the coming disruption were sent down the valley, the larger number of the people simply went up stairs and looked at the rising waters from their windows. They had seen too many freshets and had heard too many unverified rumors about the dam to realize their doom. And thus they contented themselves until that vast flood of water raising its crest above their house tops sprang upon them and swept them to destruction.

One feature of that awful night, while it can hardly be said to lighten the gloom, presents a less distressing aspect than any other, and that was the heroism displayed on every side by young and old, weak women and stalwart men. Many went down the raging river to their certain doom as calm and self-possessed as if they had been borne in the securest crafts, soon to disembark amid their friends. When opportunities of delivery were at hand there were many instances where one deferred to another where deference meant death for life, and many met death with those they loved rather than be saved without them.

Reflections, however, are not so much in place as action. New York responded nobly at the first appeal with over $100,000, which has since grown to half a millin. Philadelphia, remembering that the striken valley lay within her own state raised $200,000, on the first day. President. Harrison with the largeness of his nature has not only contributed generously but has lent all his energy and influence in behalf of the sufferers; and even Jacksonville that has not yet raised her head from the dust in which last summer's pestilence laid her so low, sends a prompt, generous aid. Now Boston and New England will prove their sympathy.

For the Commonwealth.

A YEAR.

What does God give in a year of time
To the narrowest life, and the poorest heart?
Pomp of dawns, and glory of eves,
Noons with a splendor undreamed of art.
Nights of a calm magnificence
By side of which the days are dim,—
Spicy odors, sweet orchard blooms,
And the rythmic beat of the sea's great hymn.

What does He give in a year of time?
The woodland's echoes of songs without words.
The oratorio of the waves,
The matins and vespers of countless birds.
Music of winds in the deep-voiced trees,
And lyric outbursts of angry storms,
The bee's soft alto, the pine trees' bass,
The chorus of myriad insect forms.

What does He give in a year of time?
The ordered change of the rolling sphere.
The spring's sweet tumult, the summer's glow,
And the ruddy autumn's wealth of cheer.
The dazzling drift, and the sheeted ice,
The clouds of jet, and the lightning's glare,
The velvet softness of moss-green turf,
And the breath of violets everywhere.

What does He give in a year of time?
Nights with a glory of moonlit beams,
Nights where the stars are clustered thick,
Nights when the world is a world of dreams.
Morns with a trailing purple mist,
Morns when a red sun hangs above,
Dewy freshness on upland glades,
And the multitudinous voice of doves.

What does He give in a year of time?
The varied tints of the Feast of Flowers,
The snowy drift of the fruitful trees,
The crimson hue of the rose-hung bowers.
Burples of every royal shade,
And gold of the latest autumn days,
Pink like the sea-shell's inmost heart,
And blue of the distant mountain's haze.

Ah! great the gift of a year of time,
If we count but the things we can hear and see;
The outspread year to the poet-soul
Is a dream, a rapture, an ecstacy.
But greater than all is the priceless gift
Of a work we feel to be all our own,
And every gift of an added year,
An opportunity ours alone.

—HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

A KISS.

Something made of nothing, tasting very sweet;
A most delicious compound, with ingredients complete;
But if, as on occasion, the heart and mind are sour,
It has no great significance; it loses half its power.

Something made of nothing, and never twice the same,
Though 'tis known in every country where love has had a name;
It is clearly meant for giving, though 'tis sometimes bought and sold,
And, like coffee and potatoes, is not so good when cold.

It oft appeases discord when words have failed to please,
Whether bestowed caressingly or given just to tease;
For a laugh will often save one from doing something worse,
And the lips that taste this sweetness are seldom heard to curse.

'Tis the strangest, oddest mixture, this something made of naught,
Which is never seen nor handled, although 'tis often caught;
Which will not spoil in keeping, whatever be the clime,
For this something made of nothing will stand the test of time.

SIFTING OF THE APPLE BLOOM.

The orchards were all white with bloom,
The scented air was balm.
The birds their little rain-songs sang,
Across the May-day calm;
"Twi-twi-twi-twi-tw-ee-t,
Better-go-home-now-sw-ee-t-t!"
O the sifting of the apple bloom!

My little love had golden hair,
And eyes of trustful blue,
She said: "O, Willie, if it rains,
Whatever shall we do!"
"Twi-twi-twi twi-tw-ee-t,
I-know-a-shelter-sw-ee-t!"
O the sifting of the apple bloom!

The pearly drops began to fall;
Beneath the apple tree
I clasped her close, the rain was short,
But love eternity.
"Twi twi-twi-twi tw-ee-t,
Never-mind-the-rain-now-sw-ee-t!"
O the sifting of the apple bloom!

—*Kate Brownlee Sherwood in New York Sun.*

DESPAIR.

Look, you! here is my heart laid bare,
Nay, fear not; it is dead to pain;
Probe to its depths, search every vein;
Mark well the trace of conflict there.
This was Love's home; ay, everywhere
Love filled it, till soul and brain
Knew only love; and felt no gain
From God so great as was my share.

But see! now there is only this:
This worthless thing men call a heart,
Rent wide in twain by Treachery's knife.
Here Love went out, and left no part
Of hope; and with a mocking hiss,
Despair says always, "This is life."

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems, at all;
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born;
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.

How do poems grow? I will tell you how;
Like winged seeds from golden climes they float
Into the poet's soul, and there take root
In fallow soil and dream of fragrances.
He tends them carefully as gardners tend
The fragile plants they love, until one morn
He sprinkles them with wine of magic words,
When lo! they burst to amaranthine bloom
To please the heart of Day and stimulate
The high-born, fine-strung natures of the world.

—*Chicago News.*

THE BRUSQUE TYPEWRITER GIRL.

Our story begins at a time when the click of the typewriter was not so common as it is now, and when that useful instrument had not yet gone into operation across the sea. Our hero, Mr. Sydney Tavistock, had never seen one.

He was not exactly a peer; but he was the next best thing to one,—his father was a baronet, and he was related to a half-dozen members of the peerage. Therefore, if three or four of these relations should have the kindness to die without issue, he would stand a chance of becoming Lord Falmouth.

In the meantime, while waiting for this desirable contingency, Sydney Tavistock found it hard to turn his attention to any serious business. His father recommended travel, mountain air, falling in love, and a dozen other remedies; and he would have seized the last-named with alacrity if he could only have found an object worthy of his distinguished affection. Many well-born and highly connected maidens were proposed to him,—indirectly, of course, and with due discretion,—tall, straight-backed girls, with splendid necks and shoulders; but Mr. Tavistock gazed languidly at them, chaffed them mildly, and went his way. He was a very handsome fellow himself, and though he was not exactly conceited, he was well aware of his advantages. His tall growth, his frank blue eyes, his handsome beard, and his irreproachable blondness he regarded as so many points of vantage in any campaign for the conquest of a female heart.

He was sitting in the library one day at Wolmer Hall, meditating vaguely concerning life in general, when the idea suddenly struck him of going to the "States." Wolmer Hall was quite a picturesque affair, which a dozen generations of Tavistocks had labored to adapt to every possible need of human nature. It was a wonder that anybody who had the privilege of living there should ever want to go anywhere else. Nevertheless, it was but twelve days later that Mr. Tavistock landed in New York. If he had landed on the moon, he could scarcely been more surprised. He had expected something quite different,—something more in the line of Cooper's romances, slightly modified by Bret Harte.

After a day or two, chiefly devoted to astonishment, Sydney began to rummage among his traps for his letters of introduction. He selected at random a letter to Mr. J. Tappan Holbrook, who, if he remembered correctly, was a railroad or insurance magnate of some sort. He was, at all events, immensely rich, and was the master of a grand establishment on the Avenue. His office proved to be far downtown, in a huge building which bore his name, and which was supplied with the most amazing machinery for the facilitation of everything. It seemed like a small town, in which the houses were built on the top of, instead of alongside of, each other.

After making his way through an office which seemed big enough for a church, in which a hundred or more clerks were scribbling away for dear life, Mr. Tavistock was shown into a large, light, and beautifully upholstered room, the only occupant of which was a young lady, who seemed to be playing on a mute piano.

The young man coughed, cleared his throat, and blew his nose, in the hope of attracting the fair damsel's attention; but she remained seated, facing the wall, and paying no heed to his demonstration. Mr. Tavistock reflected that as a specimen of American manners, this was the most unique thing he had yet encountered. It was hardly credible that this young woman was deaf, in which case her behavior would, at all events, be capable of an explanation. And yet, it was not impossible that she might be deaf. Stepping close up to her, Mr. Tavistock raised his voice, and said,—

"I am afraid—ah—there is some mistake—ah—"

The young girl struck two or three more notes on her musical instrument (which, however, gave forth no sound but an unmelodious click), and then turned around and faced Mr. Tavistock.

"Do you want to see Mr. Holbrook?" she inquired, a little brusquely.

"I have a letter of—ah—introduction to Mr. Holbrook," he observed, blushing, and pulling the document in question from his pocket.

"Mr. Holbrook has gone to lunch," she said, glancing at the letter and reading the name.

"When do you—ah—expect him back?" inqired Mr. Tavistock.

"If he has no directors' meeting, or anything of that sort, he will be back in half an hour."

"Then I think I'll wait."

The girl vouchsafed no reply to this proposition but struck the mysterious keys once more, and rattled off a series of clicks, followed by short stops, which gave a tantalizing rhythm to the performance. The Englishman sat for a while and listened in silence, and imagined that the rhythm was that of "Auld Lang Syne," only minus the melody. The indifference of the girl to his presence piqued him, and the view of her back, charming though it was, could not reconcile him to the loss of that rare smile which he was longing again to provoke.

"I presume—ah"—he began, starting up and gazing over her shoulder, "that that musical instrument you are—ah—playing is a sort of Yankee notion?"

"Yes," she answered, rattling away unconcernedly; "it is strictly national."

"It isn't—ah—exactly melodious."

"Don't you think so?"

"No—ah—I can't say I do. But—ah—perhaps you would tell me what you are playing."

"The piece I just finished was Schumann's 'Slumber Song,' but this is one of Mendelssohn's 'Song Without Words.'"

"Now really—ah—that is very droll. But I suspect you are chaffing me."

He had now seated himself by her side and was watching the motion of her fingers with interest. She blushed under his steady gaze, but she did not allow him to interrupt her in her work. Presently she arose, lifted the top of the machine, and pulled out a sheet of paper covered with printed letters. She folded it, put it in an envelope, and inserted a fresh sheet into the machine. Tavistock watched these operations with mild surprise.

"I knew you were chaffing me," he said, with his broad English accent. "This thing is—ah—a printing machine, and not a musical instrument."

"How clever you are to have discovered that already!" observed the girl pertly.

Mr. Tavistock flushed a little at the disrespect implied in this retort; but he did not fail to comprehend that the fair damsel resented his importunity, and was anxious to furnish him with an excuse for taking his leave. He accordingly got up, buttoned his overcoat rather slowly, and inspected for a moment the top of his hat.

"I have not—ah—made you angry, I hope," he remarked, making her a jerky little bow.

"Not at all," she replied, with exasperating self-possession, "but you would oblige me by not disturbing me any more."

Mr. Tavistock took the hint, and withdrew to the outer office.

. . . . . .

Somewhere in the unfashionable regions of New York, where flats are cheap and janitors despotic, lived three sisters, named Ashley. Kate, whose acquaintance we have already made, was the private secretary of Holbrook, the railroad king, taking down his letters in shorthand and afterward copying them on the typewriter. Matty, the eldest, held an important position in a great dressmaking establishment. She was a tall, energetic girl, with much worldly sense and a keen eye for the ridiculous. She was the leading spirit of the little household in the tenth story of the family hotel called "The Abyssinia," and her two sisters allowed themselves to be ruled by her, because they knew that her rule was wise.

Dora, the youngest, was especially the gainer by this arrangement; for everything that was done, or left undone, in the tenth story of "The Abyssinia" had reference to her health and comfort. Dora was eighteen years old, and was a helpless invalid. She had some spinal complaint, which compelled her to lie the livelong day on a sofa, or sit, half recumbent, in a chair, propped up with pillows.

To compensate her for her deprivations, Matty and Kate made it their business to store up even the most trifling incidents that happened, and relate them, with slight embellishments, for her entertainment. From long habit they had become such experts in constructing innocent romances, that scarcely a day passed which did not furnish the material for some thrilling narrative. Sometimes it was a chivalrous young man who had offered his seat to one or the other of the sisters in the street cars; or it was an elderly gentleman, of fabulous wealth, who had spoken to Kate in the office, and twice asked her how she was. Who knew what might come of such an overture? Kate was handsome; the millionaire was a widower. In short, the range of possibilities was unlimited. Speculation of this sort was to Dora more fascinating than the "Arabian Nights." She had a rich romantic vein, and was always prepared for marvelous happenings.

Her sisters seemed to her the most remarkable characters in the world,—heroines, with miraculous gifts of body and soul. That they had to work, she knew; and that they worked for her was also obvious. But the estimate which the world puts upon women who labor with their hands, and the snares and temptations to which they are exposed,—of that she happily knew nothing.

Her father had been a dreamer, as she was, though his ignorance of reality was less excusable. He had started in business with a fair capital and good prospects, but at forty was a clerk in the counting-house of a corporation, and at forty-five he died, worn out with anxiety, poverty and care. His wife followed him within a few months, and his three daughters were left to shift for themselves.

So much of preliminary history,—let us now return to Kate. When she went home in the evening after her meeting with Tavistock, it was with a jubilant feeling. This time she had a romance which would eclipse all the feeble imaginings of former days. A handsome young Englishman, with a crest in the inside of his hat, against a background of castles, green lawns, and big English trees! What a godsend he would be to Dora in her solitude! All the way up in the elevated railroad car Kate gloated over her precious "find," and added little embellishing touches here and there for Dora's benefit. As she entered within the luminous zone of the big lamp on the table, her sister instantly knew that something had happened.

"What is it, Kate?" she cried, as the latter stooped to kiss her. "There is such a fine sparkle in your eyes,—has he raised your salary?"

"He" always referred to Mr. Holbrook, who was a very Jupiter Tonans to the minute "Abyssinian" household. At the very nod of his august head, "The Abyssinia" trembled.

"No," said Kate, removing her bonnet with the care of one not unacquainted with economic science; "it is better than that."

"Better than that, Kate? How provoking you are!"

Kate let her fingers glide carelessly through her sister's hair, which fell in rich, blond tresses over the pillow; then she kissed her once more, and gazed at her with admiring tenderness.

"Guess, Tottie," she said, with mischief in her eyes. "Do be a little ingenious."

Tottie was an endearing nickname. Such appellations flourished in "The Abyssinia." In the sunshine of playful affection they sprouted forth abundantly.

"Somebody has proposed to you!" cried Dora, rising excitedly among her pillows.

"Somebody has not proposed to me," said Kate with decision.

"Then what is it, Kathleen? Is it anything about your millionaire?"

"Yes. My millionaire has bought a new blond wig. That shows what is in his mind."

"Is that all?"

"You dear, sweet, innocent Tottie," ejaculated Kate, dropping upon her knees at the side of the lounge, and devouring her sister with kisses. "I won't fool you any more. It is quite a long story and a *very* exciting one."

It was, in fact, amazing how exciting it proved. To the superficial masculine sense nothing had happened, and though there was no direct departure from the truth, the story, as related by the ingenious Kate, was a thrilling romance. When Mattie returned, it had, of course, to be all told over again, and it proved to have lost none of its fascination. When, finally, the romance had been discussed from all possible points of view, some time was devoted to the impossible ones. But Dora lay awake through the small hours of the night, walking, in fancy, over the beautiful English lawns, while Kate, as Lady Tavistock, was behaving with splendid hauteur to a party of dukes and duchesses who had come to call upon her.

. . . . . .

If Mr. Tavistock had set out to ensnare the maiden of the typewriter, he could not have chosen a more successful method of promulgating that such was his intention. He called repeatedly at Mr. Holbrook's office, and always at the time when he knew that Mr. Holbrook would be at luncheon. He soon abandoned the pretence that it was the typewriter, rather than the girl, that interested him, though it served very well to account for the first two or three visits. His next device—to clear himself before his own conscience—was to pretend that his interest in Kate was a half-scientific one,—the interest of an explorer in a new and unrecorded type. She enjoyed her responsibility evidently, and wished to impress him with the importance of her trust. Instead of being ashamed of her labor, as people usually are who have come down in the world, she gloried in it. That was in itself amusing. He had seen nothing like it on this side of the Atlantic. A girl of that kind, especially when she was pretty, he did not know where to place. Sometimes he was half afraid of her, and his manner toward her, he observed with a certain exasperation, was tentative and apologetic. And for all that, he was haunted by a perpetual desire to see her, to be near her, to note her faacinating eccentricities.

"I hope—ah," he said, as during his fourth visit he seated him self to inspect the typewriter, "that you—ah—don't mind my sitting here?"

"O not in the least," said Kate, with rather snperfluous animation.

The fact was that, for her sister's sake, she was anxious to have the romance continue as long as possible; for the dear little invalid counted on a fresh instalment every day, and would have been bitterly disappointed if the hero had failed to come up to her expectations. And in order not to miss a single word that fell from his lips, Kate recorded all his remarks on the typewriter, hereby spoiling many a sheet of paper, and producing a singular jumble of business and sentiment.

"They say in this—ah—country," he went

on, as if groping for an appropriate remark, "that time is money."

"In that case," she replied, "you must be a very rich man."

"How—ah—do you mean that?" he queried, looking up into her face with a puzzled smile.

"You seem to have a great deal of it on your hands," she said, striking off a rapid sentence on the typewriter.

"But you know—ah—with us, a gentleman—ah—that is, of means—ah—a gentleman of good birth, is not expected to do anything—ah—in particular."

"Then I should hate to be a gentleman of good birth."

"No, really—ah. Do you mean that?"

He gazed again up into Kate's face, with his half-bewildered smile.

"Yes," said Kate, with conviction, "I do mean it. I know no more pitiful creature than a man who has nothing to do."

"Do you know, that is—ah—rather an extraordinary sentiment you are uttering?"

"It may be extraordinary with you. Here it is what everybody thinks."

"But when Americans go abroad—I suppose—ah—they leave those sentiments at home. I never heard of an American girl who—ah—objected to marrying a nobleman, pitiful though he was, according to you, with all his money and leisure."

"But it is not all noblemen who are idle."

"No. Some go into politics; others patronize—ah—the turf. But it is particularly the idle lot I have noticed, who—ah—go for American girls."

"They need American fortunes to support them in their idleness."

"Exactly; and the—ah—American heiresses think that it is the best possible way of—ah—investing a plebeian fortune."

"Plebeian fortune! What do you mean by a plebeian fortune?"

Kate's fingers were for a moment lifted from the lettered keys, and she turned her face with an inquiring glance toward Tavistock.

"A fortune," he answered, "made—ah—in pork or in Wall Street, or by any labor or commerce."

"That is a delightful definition," cried Kate, laughing. "Then an aristocratic fortune must be one that is made by doing nothing; that is, I suppose, by oppressing poor tenants, and living high on the proceeds of other people's labor."

He gazed at her with mild amazement, as if she were a curious animal.

"Do you know," he remarked gently, "I think you are—ah—quite a red, quite a communist?"

"Excuse me," she retorted promptly. "It is you who are the communist. What they would like is just to distribute among themselves the proceeds of other people's labor."

Tavistock threw one more critical glance at Kate; then, with his unfailing amiability, got up, bowed blandly, and with a few polite phrases, betook himself off. Yet there was something in his very gentleness which affected Kate almost like a rebuke.

. . . . . .

A month had passed, at the very least, since Kate's first meeting with Sydney Tavistock, when it was rumored that Mrs. Holbrook had captured him for her eldest daughter. He was seen almost daily on the Avenue, riding a fine blooded mare, and Miss Holbrook invariably was his companion. The three Ashley sisters met them, one afternoon, as they were cantering gayly along the bridleway in the Park.

"Look, Kate, look!" exclaimed Dora, who was being wheeled along in an invalid's chair by her stronger sister. "Aren't those two beautiful?"

"Yes," murmured Kate, a little unsteadily, "quite beautiful."

She could not persuade herself to tell Dora that this was her hero. It seemed somehow humiliating to herself that he should make his entrance upon the scene as the adorer of another woman.

"How happy they must be, Kathleen," said Dora musingly. "Do you think they love each other?"

"How can I know, Tottie?" answered Kate, with a touch of querulousness. "I am not in their confidence."

"But don't you think they ought to love each other?" persisted the invalid. "It would be so appropriate—both so beautiful, so rich, and so happy. I am sure they love each other."

They walked along in silence for some time, Matty and Kate taking turns at pushing the chair. Though it was early in April, the day was warm and sunny, and there was a smell of spring in the air. An endless procession of carriages rolled up and down the road. The three sisters had just reached a sharp bend in the road, when they saw Tavistock and Miss Holbrook, on their splendid roans, approaching them at a leisurely trot. They seemed to be engaged in an animated discussion; for he leaned occasionally over toward her, and his pleasant laugh was blown toward them, in snatches, on the breeze.

When he was but a few yards away, his eyes suddenly lighted on the little group at the roadside. A look of eager interest brightened his features, and he slackened the speed of his horse. It seemed, for a moment, as if he was going to speak. The color flared into Kate's face, and her heart shot up into her throat. The horse reared, danced wildly about, and a clod of earth from its hoof was flung into Dora's face. Kate, to hide her embarrassment, stooped compassionately over her, brushed the earth from her dress, and tenderly kissed her. Yet, though her eyes were averted, she saw the distress in the Englishman's countenance; she saw how Mary stiffly returned his bow, and how, after a brief hesitation, he spurred up his horse and rode sway.

"Why, Kathleen!" ejaculated Dora, "what are you crying for? It wasn't so serious as that! He didn't mean it."

"Yes, he did mean it!" exclaimed Kate wildly, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"How can you talk so preposterously?"

"I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!" cried Kate fiercely. "O, it is too horrible! Come, let us go home, Tottie dear. I hate everybody in the whole world."

Dora lay for a while motionless, staring at her sister in amazement.

"Why didn't you tell me, Kathleen?" she murmured softly. "It was your Englishman."

. . . . . .

About half-past eight o'clock that evening there was a great commotion in "The Abyssinia." Matty was flying about with a feather duster; the stupid little maid-of-all-work was chiefly engaged in slamming doors; Dora lay and gazed with large, lustrous eyes at the ceiling, and Kate stood in the middle of the floor, staring excitedly at a card, which was adorned with a heraldic beast, and the name, "Mr. Sydney Tavistock."

They had ample time to compose themselves, however, before the visitor made his entrance; for it took the elevator boy at least four minutes to descend to the first floor, and four minutes more to make the ascent to the tenth. When Mr. Tavistock finally was ushered into the diminutive parlor, each had adjusted her countenance into the proper expression, and Kate introduced him, with a flushed face, to her sisters. Her blood ran riot, in spite of her effort to keep cool, and she was glad to find an excuse to retire momentarily to the next room and to press her hot cheeks against the window-pane. When she returned she found Mr. Tavistock seated between Matty and Dora, and talking with them as if he had known them for years.

"Then you bear me—ah—no grudge," he was saying to the latter, "because my unlucky beast threw a handful of earth at you?"

"Not at all," replied Dora sweetly. "I knew, of course, that it was not intentional."

"Well, now, I don't know about that!" he ejaculated, with his hearty, boyish laugh. "How do you know but it was an—ah—insidious scheme on my part to—ah—make your acquaintance?"

"I did not suspect that my acquaintance was valuable enough to stimulate such inventiveness."

"O, don't say that!" he answered, with sudden earnestness. "The fact is, since I came to the States I have got into a bad habit. I have learned to joke. But, to be frank, I came only to apologize to you for my—ah—clumsiness, and to express the hope that I had done you no harm."

He spoke with such unaffected friendliness that Kate, who had again stepped within the circle of the great lamp, found herself listening to him with a pleasure which she never had experienced during his disquisitions on the typewriter. She said very little during his stay, and when he got up to take his leave, she had an uneasy sense of having neglected an opportunity—for what, she did not undertake even in thought to formulate.

This was but the first of a number of visits which Mr. Tavistock paid to the Abyssinian altitudes. The peaceful, luminous circle of the big lamp came to hold a special attraction for him. The very atmosphere in that little sky-parlor seemed strangely soft and genial, and it seemed so far removed above the world that the world's harsh discords were powerless to reach it. A sweet unity of feeling and an affectionate consideration for each other seemed to animate the sisters in every word and deed.

They could be merry, too, and tell amusing anecdotes from their experience and observation; and there was something positively heroic to Tavistock in the frank and natural manner in which the two elder ones referred to their labor and felt happy in the competence it brought them. Kate, in particular, revealed a perfectly marvelous personality. Tavistock thought her the cleverest woman he had ever encountered, and in his more extravagant moods he swore that she was the wittiest and most beautiful as well.

Thus it came about, in a perfectly natural though somewhat unpremeditated manner, that Kate became engaged to Tavistock. He had continued his visits to Holbrook's office during the latter's luncheon hour, and many curious conversations had been half-mechanically copied on the typewriter. Kate however, had begun to show a strange reluctance to read these reports to Dora, for whose benefit they were made; and a singular secretiveness, so different from her former laughing candor, had begun to manifest itself in her demeanor. The last report which she read (a few days before the engagement) was odd enough, to be sure, and justified the protesting little laughs, the involuntary sighs, heart flutters, and blushes which accompanied the text, like a significant commentary. The letter which Kate was copying had somehow got mixed up in the lover-like discourse, and when done read something as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 28th prox. is at hand, and will have my early attention. I haven't deserved that you should treat me so shabbily. You know I love you. As regards the foreclosure which you recommend, I must say with Dobson, that two red lips which part and smile should not be controverted. Enlightened self-interest disinclines me from harsh measures. What! Never heard of Dobson? He is the cleverest poet in England,—the only poet I ever read. I am told he has an interest in a liquor business which in time must help him on his legs. The more I see of you, the better I love you. Anyway, an icecream will do no harm, especially as he is himself of sober habits. Now don't bristle up like the fretful porcupine, my dear Kate. I must repeat, that it is impolitic at the present moment. I am too fond of you to give you bad advice; but it cannot be sufficiently emphasized, I am sure, that prospects in that quarter are in a depressed condition. I wish I didn't care for you. But I don't want to wish that. I should then foreclose with thirty days' notice and wind up the whole concern. You don't believe me? Horrid, skeptical child! I assure you, I have made extensive inquiries and believe the party to be responsible. What more can I say and do than I have done already to conquer your distrust? I have taken an invoice and additionally secured you as well as myself by a chattel mortgage. To summon the old gentleman at the present stage of the proceedings would be simple madness. In what particular would you have me change? None, dearest. Bless you for those words. I have no fear but that he will in the end be good for at least seventy or eighty per cent; but he is a fiery old chap, and would only make an unnecessary rumpus. If you want to discount your claim, send it on and I will cheerfully give you fifty per cent. I am as honest a fellow as ever trod in two shoes, and my love is intense. My offer is good for ten days I never trifle with anybody's affection. Rose-scented letters in a hidden drawer. Well, who knows? I prefer real estate, even though temporarily depressed.

It will be readily seen that this letter for commercial purposes was quite worthless, and indicated a state of feeling which threatened a speedy denouement. Yet when the denouement came in the announced engagement, it was none the less surprising from the fact that everybody expected it. Tavistock was so blissful that he danced a Highland fling with Kate in the sky-parlor of "The Abyssinia," whistling the music as he went, and for a final flourish lifted up the happy, blushing Kate in his arms and kissed her. He behaved altogether like a great, jolly boy, and seemed perfectly happy. He married, settled down in the "States" with his charming wife, using his vast fortune in the development of a large iron business, and frequently paid visits to his old home, where he would always introduce Kate, his wife, as "the most charming woman in the world."—*New Moon.*

A New Heaven and a New Earth.

I have made the discovery of new heavens and a new earth. Who has not felt the need of them? Who has not said to himself, "I have seen this whole thing over and over again. This world, which is 'round like an orange,' has, like an orange, now been effectually squeezed. Give me new worlds, not to conquer, but to live in." When the impulse to turn over a new leaf, to break with the past, to begin life all over again, is strong upon us, we look around in vain for "fresh woods and pastures new" in which to begin it. How put a new soul of existence into an old body of circumstances. But we are no longer driven to this dilemma. I do not mind making public, at least to all those choice spirits who read a Certain Magazine, the chart of my newly discovered world. It is the world of the dawn. "Oh, that!" cries my young friend scornfully, and is about to turn away. But let me ask you in confidence. When have you seen the dawn, the whole of it, from silvery beginning to golden end? It was not long ago that an ingenuous maid asked me, looking up from her favorite poet, "Is the sunrise so much, anyway?" No, I might have said; not if you burst in on it rudely, jumping out of bed. or sleepily fumbling aside a curtain. You only get in that case, the flash of an angry glare. But go quietly at very daybreak, steal to some rock or hill, or only to some housetop, and lie in wait for its delicate first footsteps in the eastern sky. You must stalk your sunrise. How often do we hear somebody say, "I had to get up early this morning, and I wondered why we don't always do it!" But the chances are it was a very inadequate experience. There was some invalid to be tended, or some owl train to be caught. Taken deliberately, and provided for beforehand by a full night's sleep, the wonder why we do not always do it would be vastly increased. Why we do not, however, is plain enough. It is because we cannot afford to burn our candle at both ends. "Early to bed and early to rise," the whole perscription reads. It does not do to take half of it alone. If we are to see the morning star properly the evening star must draw on our nightcap with its own. The dawn, then, is protected from the throng of sacrilegious sightseers by a great barrier. That barrier is the difficulty of going to bed. Our civilization has become a gaslight civilization. We try to turn night into day, and only succeed in turning night wrong side out; getting the harsh and wiry side that rasps the jaded nerves, in place of the gentle touches of "the welcome, the thrice-prayed-for" mantle of peaceful dreams. Mere ragged and formless shreds of existence those gaslight hours have been, containing, on the whole, far more evil than good; far more yawns and the dreadful pangs of yawns suppressed than refreshing eye-beams and voices. Then there is another thing: could not the act of going to bed be made, from childhood up, a less depressing operation? The only daily torture of my own otherwise kindly handled childhood was the going to bed in the dark. I hated the dark and have always hated it. Why could not some softly shaded light have been left for me to go to sleep by and then withdrawn, instead of crashing down on my wide-awake eyes that horrible club of blackness? Or, how much better to have "cuddled doon" in the still faintly glimmering twilight, and let the slowly coming starlight draw the child to sleepiness, and softly "kiss his eyelids down!" The time of going to bed ought in some way to be made the pleasantest, and most decorous, and most dignified, even—if you like—the most picturesque, and certainly the most comfortable hour of the whole twenty-four. Then it would need no polite euphemism of "retiring" to veil its horrors. Then the child would no longer hold back from it, as if he were being thrust into a hideous cave of darkness, to be seized by all the nightmares of Dreamdom. And then, best of all, we should be ready to rise at the whistle of the first chirping bird, perfectly rested, thoroughly refreshed, with the brain vocal only with light echoes of the wholesome day before. instead of still jangling with the cultured rumpus ef a "social evening," or an "evening of amusement," or the uncanny, fevered visions which are only such evenings gone to seed. We should see the heavens at their purest, on earth peace, the big white stars at their best, unconfused by the haze of smaller stars and star-dust, and shining alone in the faintly illumined sky. We should know how our earth and its robe of ambient air appear to other planets—a morning star to the morning stars. For the whole east, as it pales the planets in its growing light, is itself of pure and starry brightness.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

HINTS AS TO SHAVING.

Never fail to well wash your head with soap and cold water, and to rub it dry, immediately before you apply the lather, of which the more you use, and the thicker it is, the easier you will shave.

Never use warm water which makes the faces (of shavers) tender.

In cold weather place your razor (closed of course) in your pocket or under your arm to warm it.

The moment you leave your bed (or bath) is the best time to shave.

Always wipe your razor clean, and strop it before putting it away, and always put your shaving brush away with the lather on it.

The razor, as we have shown, being only a fine saw, should be moved in a sloping or sawing direction and held nearly flat to your face, care being taken to draw the skin as tight as possible with the left hand, so as to present an even surface and to throw out the beard.

The practice of pressing on the edge of the razor in stropping it soon rounds it; the pressure should be directed to the back, which should never be raised from the strop. If you shave from heel to point of razor, strop it from point to heel; but if you begin with the point in shaving, then strop it from heel to point.

If you only once put away your razor without stropping it or otherwise perfectly cleaning the edge, you must no longer expect to shave well and easy, the soap and damp so soon rust the teeth and edge.

A piece of soft plate-leather should always be kept with razors to wipe them with.—*Medical Classics.*

Little Howard has been told he must be punished, but that he could choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought, he said; "Well, papa, if mamma'll do it I guess I'll be whipped, but if you are going to whip me, I guess I'll be shut up."—*Youth's Companion.*

Husband—Well, did you get rid of the cat, as I told you to?

Wife—Yes. You've just eaten it in that rabbit pie.

EVENT AND OPINION.

Let your sympathy for the Johnstown sufferers be spelled sympathy.

The Bernhardt is grandmother now—but perhaps the less said about that the better.

Mr. Grover Cleveland is at Marion, reflecting upon the strange difference that seems to exist between yesterday and today.

Tomorrow will be "Children's Day," at the churches, and small platform speakers will shine among the roses at the evening exhibitions.

Now that Harvard men are taking up Socialism, institutions have got to go. The students meet tonight to organize, and mighty Athens trembles.

Eiffel is said to have gained the first idea of the tower which bears his name from sitting behind an American woman in an American theatre.—*Life*.

We may have too many millionaires, as our socialistic friends affirm, but they have a great knack at keeping well outside the grip of the match-making mamma.

Though Washington Irving Bishop is very dead, his friend Labouchere is very much alive, and is doing some remarkable talking on decidedly live issues.

New York isn't much on monuments, but she has come grandly to the fore with her Johnstown relief fund. Let Boston make it possible for her to return this compliment.

According to one of our local agnostics, religion is "a hope which is dead under the feet of science." But you cannot expect to make the Christian world see it in exactly that light.

The ghastly mining in the valley slime has called for something akin to the heroism of yellow fever nursing. May merciful Powers forbid that the threatened pestilence add its horrors to the scene!

The strange apathy on the part of the doomed dwellers in the Conemaugh region to flee the valley will serve as an effective stock-in-trade for evangelistic exhorters for many years to come.

Mrs. Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," is helping organize an anti-woman suffrage society in London. Are we to understand that Mrs. Ward is in advance, or in the wake of the times?

The Boston University did itself honor in the selection of Miss Alice Stone Blackwell for its Commencement day orator. No one can blame her Alma Mater for feeling an honest pride in this talented and progressive young woman.

A California woman now applies for the position of census supervisor. Every neighborhood boasts one woman or more who could make out accurate returns without leaving her chair. Most women are more clever at discerning other people's ages than at remembering their own.

It is painful to the sensibilities to see the summer showers pelt down upon the cambric flower garden that adorns the head of every woman and girl, and then to read that the Boston and Albany railroad has 485 lost umbrellas on its hands for which nobody cares enough to call round.

Residents along the line of doubtful reservoirs should lose no time in pulling up stakes. There is an awful warning, and a still sterner lesson in this criminal disaster, that constitute its one endurable feature. There is little danger of too much solicitude as to engineering integrity.

This is the season when nothing in this world or the next has much attraction for the aspiring young man and woman as compared to the honorary sheepskin. Coeducation is getting ahead. It has not been very long since John had all the sheepskin while Mary only had a little lamb.

There is every reason to believe, from a perusal of his works, that the subject of the following paragraph will consider it in irreproachable taste:

"Mr. Edgar Saltus is unquestionably the best dressed man in Gotham among literary men. He has beautiful and unerring taste, and as he is a perfect Sybarite, his underwear is fine and expensive to a degree."

What with the re-gilded dome, and the shining new hands on the Old South clock Boston is a dazzler, and no mistake.

Boston, with one accord, has pronounced the 5th of June the

"proper time to marry."

Lohengrin, was by all odds the hero of the hour.

Editor Bryan of Good Housekeeping is doing a good service to journalism by sharply pursuing the piratical periodicals by name that have been poaching on his tempting preserves. When Mr. Bryan succeeds in shaming petty larceny to the wall he will have covered himself with glory, but he will have robbed no small proportion of newspaper men of their chief pleasure in life.

Sensational suicides should steer clear of the water. The average mind is floundering in such a sea of horrors that one poor little every-day drowning seems unworthy of mention. It is a singular fact that pages of circumstantial details of the tragedy fail to impress the reader with a sense of its reality. The important point, however, is to realize that we can all do something about it in dollars and cents.

The eye is occasionally met by the statement that this merchant or that has "inaugurated" a special sale of hosiery or other small wares, etc., etc. And this language in Boston! Speaking of hosiery, some of the window exhibits show hose of most amazing and overpowering pattern and hue. But there is at least the consolation that even the most daring purchaser can wear but one pair at a time.

The Providence Journal states that a gentleman at the corner of Westminster and Eddy streets saw 63 weeping women by actual count marching down the opposite sidewalk with 63 thoughtful men, about 10.45 o'clock the other night, An emotional drama had just come to an end. They will have some sympathy for the man who declares that all through the performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" he sat and wept like a hired girl grating horseradish.

The small attendance upon the annual meeting of the association of women ministers held on Monday leads one to wonder greatly that the tide of progress does not bear more of our aspiring sisters pulpitward. There is surely no paucity of sects to suit all shades of belief. Iowa and Minnesota boast of a "woman's corner" where nine ministers dispense the gospel according to their several understandings. What has pious Massachusetts to say for herself?

Mr. A. H. Wood, proprietor of the New York West End Theatre, now approaching completion, has started a wide awake weekly newspaper, devoted to art, drama, literature and society. It is called the West End Critic, and the excellence of its management is assured by the fact that Mr. Hillary Bell, the esteemed New York correspondent of THE COMMONWEALTH, and a well known artist and critic, has been engaged as its editor-in-chief. Mr. Bell's practical acquaintance with each department to which the West End Critic is to be devoted, with his brilliant and incisive literary style and his fine critical ability render Mr. Wood's choice of editor an ideal one.

The visiting Russian Princess Engalitcheff makes many quaint observations upon American customs, but nothing better than her impressions concerning the manners of some American men. "The way in which they will enjoy sitting," she remarks, "while dozens of ladies stand is so disgraceful to me that I have not words to express my feelings, and what could be more disgusting than the way they spit tobacco everywhere?"

Our thoroughfares do need public cuspadores far more than they need any other adjuncts of civilization, and—that it might not be too much to hope!—the time may some day come when the common herd of mankind will reach a grade of civilization where it will be possible to abandon public expectoration with other savage barbarities.

OBSERVATIONS.

Every contributor to the press must repeatedly have enjoyed the experience of reading in the columns of a contemporary the sagacious observations that he had himself just written, or was about to write for the journal of his choice.

It is one of the sorrows of competition, and there is no help for it.

They must be platitudes, you say, or they would not be floating about in the every day current of thought. The gems are only brought to the surface by the diver in deep waters, or the delver who delves deep.

The writer does not so reason. His ideas are his own, and whether of the first water or not he sees no reason why his neighbor's cogitations should be cut by his pattern.

The scribbler who keeps a book of note and suggestion,—pegs of thought upon which he means sometime to hang garlands of rhetoric,—will be more fortunate than most of us if he does not find, upon looking over last year's notes, that an astonishing proportion of his subjects have become stale by repetition. It is not unusual to find the very words that grace your note book set up in cold type. Opening at random, here is "The Mother in Fiction," a subject that suggested itself forcibly to the Observer, after several current novels had been reviewed, in which the mother was invariably represented as hard-hearted, scheming, and unsympathetic, a sort of wet-blanket to the enjoyment of her family,—the "gentlemanly villain-in-chief" of each pathetic romance. The Observer has not that kind of a mother! Quite the contrary. Neither do they abound, outside book covers. So this title was jotted down as a reminder to avenge the grievance some day, when routine work would allow. And the Observer recalls picking up a paper just after, and running upon "The Mother in Fiction," an article written by some "too-previous" observer who had not so learned motherhood.

We cannot "lose ourselves in other men's minds." Wherever they lead us, broadly speaking, we have been there before.

As for our own explorations if we occasionally chance upon a by-way leading ever so little out of the main thoroughfare, or the market-place, we may rest on our laurels. Our experience is unique.

It may, however, be remarked in passing, that there are vast untrodden spaces overhead.

Meantime, if unambitious or time-fettered, we may exist comfortably on the surface of things, and perhaps entertain our fellows by catching new lights on the shifting kaleidoscope that we call "life."

Beginning with the first scene at hand, which, *nota bene*, was festive.

Though professional duties leave very little time for social dissipation, duties had to bend, this week, to permit attendance upon a certain charming informal breakfast to which the Observer was bidden. It was given by the Small Girl, and its participants were limited to the select number of two. However, a very small party whose members get on together is better than a large assembly and contention therewith; so the occasion proved one of the enjoyable events of the season.

It is very funny to note the airs that small girls deem essential to the role of grown up hostess, and one can not help wondering somewhat uneasily, where they found their models of affectation.

It is a thousand wonders where the Small Girl found hers.

By way of showing a becoming solicitude for the members of the hostess' family, due inquiries were made for the innumerable dolls that composed it.

"My children are all well but 'cept one," replied their smiling mamma. "She is in bed for making fun of her grandmother." It is useless to deny that the relationship, strictly traced, of the Small Girl's dolls to the Small Girl's guest made the idea particularly harrowing that so honorable a relative should have met with ignominious derision. But dolls will be dolls.

The repast, be it admitted, was not all it might have been had the cook entered more generously into the spirit of the occasion when the small entertainer made a raid on the pantry, but sweet suavity atoned for minor lapses in the menu.

When all the courses were served, including some visible only to the eye of imagination, and pressing duties threatened to call the guest away, the little hostess slipped from her chair, and disappeared under the bed,—the breakfast having been informally served in her *chambre a coucher*.

That fanciful Small Girl! Whatever privation may sit at her board she can never fail to add the embellishing touch.

The "favors" with which she emerged as a "surprise" were what might have been expected. Graceful boutonnieres composed of three daisies, a saved-over pussy willow and a refining haze of foliage grass. What could the parting guest do but take the boutonniere with thanks, hug the hostess, and send an account of the giddy festivities to his favorite journal?

It is at least half as good as being a child again to keep close to childhood's heart.

By the way, what marvelous power that child-idyl at the Museum has to make havoc with the emotions. The blase theatre-goer does not harden to it, and after a time ceases to resort to subterfuges to hide his weeping eyes.

No reflection upon the impossible nature of the little lord, no mental reminder of the absurd story afloat that the gifted author of the drama has been overheard in her hotel apartments beating the original little Lord Fauntleroy and vociferating, "How many times must I tell you to call me 'Dearest!'"—no amount of hysteria on the part of the performers seemed to freeze over the fount. That first act in particular will remain very humid till the composite hearts of the audience get much harder than that of the old earl of Dorincourt.

The Observer has not yet chanced in when little Alice Pierce has filled the title role, but the acting of young Olive Homans proved a good deal of a surprise to a spectator who had looked for more precocity and less childishness. With the possible exception of the theatrical outburst on learning of the impending separation from "Dearest," a charming naturalness characterizes the entire performance, and it is something wonderful to see how absolutely the child controls her expression when some naive remark moves the audience to uproarious mirth, or some pathetic situation makes spectators break down.

It is much to be apprehended that the success of this heartsome little drama will stimulate our playwrights to give us a deluge of infant star-roles, and the stage will become a very Moloch to which our fairest and brightest children will be, in a sense, sacrificed.

"Sacrificed" is used advisedly, for however admirably these stage darlings may play their several parts, the typical mother, with much the same sentiment that leads sentimental mankind to bar the political path for women, prefers to keep her idol from the glare of publicity, to cheer the home life and contribute to the family comfort and completeness.

This, assuming that the child who has won plaudits behind the footlights, and the woman who has rendered the public a service, are inevitably spoiled for sweet domesticity, and unapplauded family offices.

It is taken for granted that family services will be unapplauded. "You know yourself," as young Fauntleroy remarks, "how it is about your relations." There is something strange about that. Household writers never tire in their injunction to husbands to praise their wives—and they

probably do so—to their successors. They also adjure the wives to meet their husbands with a smile. One tried it, we are told, once upon a time only to be rewarded with the remark, "What are you standing there for grinning like an idiot?" These rules may or may not work well, but it can do no harm to experiment with them a bit.

When something kind is said about a member of one's family, or of a friend, why not try reporting that rather than the carping reflection, that works no reform but eats away a portion of life's meagre joys. There is a degree of danger of spoiling a child, or a very young person by indiscreet praise. It would be an ill-advised parent who would retail to a child even a morsel of the praise and admiration that its beauty or its talents had called forth. Tenderness and appreciation form a far-more wholesome diet for babes than the undiluted truth about their winsome attractions.

But the idea is too painful to be funny, that a man or a woman who has looked life in the face, who has drank the bitter-sweet potion that fills even its banquet cups, who knows that its resplendent bubbles only await the touch of time to vanish into nothingness—who has moreover, taken the full, disheartening measure of his own limitations—it is pathetically funny to suppose that a meed of praise or appreciation could do more than to cause a sudden filling of the eyes, and a fleeting, but welcome sense that

"Somewhere in desolate, wind-swept space,"

life's desolate spaces, are kindly hearts.

There is little enough danger of spoiling a man or a woman with kindness; or even with merited praise, but who can make an approximate estimate of the warped, undeveloped natures, and the unfed hearts that might have cheered and illumined the dull world around them had those who made up the "house of their friends" chosen to give them, instead of dull apathy or chill disapprobation, the inspiring sunlight of love and approval? G. P.

WHAT AN OLD LADY REMEMBERS.

X.

It was not always school-days or working-days with the Redthorns she would have us understand, and when holidays came they were holidays indeed. She remembers that they were holidays marked with a particularly white stone, on which they were allowed to visit Aunt Sophronia, at the Willows. Nowhere, perhaps, in all the little world open to them did the lively Redthorn fancy have such riches to feast itself upon as over at the Willows. The place itself might have been transported bodily to the opening pages of a Radcliffe romance. When, in after years, they read those lines of incomparable music in which Tennyson has told the story of Shalott, they always saw the Willows rise, in all the beauty of its summer greenery, as at an incantation, at the words:—

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver,
Through the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river,
Flowing down" . . . .

For the Willows was, like Shalott, "an island in the river," an island kept incomparably green by the wash of the waves and the drenching of the salt sea mists. It was an island large enough to give room for a stately old house, and a busy mill, and gardens where every good old-fashioned blossom ran unpruned riot; and yet large enough to leave a summer world in which happy children could lose themselves and all memories of the world of every-day, and wander in green little ferny hollows, and frolic on tiny beaches, where pebbles of the brightest colors were polished to a wonderful smoothness by the restless hands of the sea; and picnics in rocky coves, where there was a great, rough-hewn fireplace, over which hung a lobster-pot, for the reception of the ugly but toothsome monsters which abounded on that fortunate coast, and clamber up hillocks all warm with sweet red clover, where they could sit and watch the sun blaze downward to its setting, and gild every spire and roof of the little town just across the shining water, to such a splendor that the Redthorns knew exactly what Christian, in Pilgrim's Progress, saw when he came up out of the waters and his journey was done. Yes, it was a wonderful place, the Willows; and as such places should, it had its history. It had been bought, when only a wooded island with shy, wild things for inhabitants, by a rich English gentleman who, with his family, had landed one day at the little seaport town. No one knew, to the end of the chapter, whence he came or why. But since he had evident and great wealth, and a stern, reserved manner, and his ways were never those of the townsfolk, nor his manners nor his tastes like theirs, it was natural that the legend should come down that it was some great sin or sorrow which had driven him from his native land to what must have seemed to him little better than a wilderness. Certain it was that for him the wilderness of his choice soon, to all outward seeming, blossomed as the rose. He built a great and stately house: such a house as far more appropriately might have crowned some dale of Devon or cliff in wild Cornwall; with great drawing-rooms and guest chambers which could have served only for entertainment of the phantoms of his unknown past, and one wide circular corridor which from no less than eighteen windows looked out on the sea and over the town. And for his gentle daughter he made a garden that was the wonder of all who ventured to row out in boats and look at it from afar. And here his daughter spent most of what must have been for her, cut off from all the natural companionship of her age and station, but long and lonely days. And it was on the borders of this garden that one day the villagers whispered to one another there was a new-made grave; and there they laid the pale and gentle girl, among the flowers which it had been her only delight in life to woo to their blossoming. It was not long after this that the master of the Willows, with what family remained to him, departed as suddenly and inexplicably as he had come—having first sold the island, for a tithe of what he had expended upon it, to some enterprising new-comer who saw in it an amazing site for a lumber mill. And so it happened that the great mansion was closed, and only the mice and the shadows and its own memories of what it had heard and seen kept company behind its shuttered window-panes. After years of such neglect it suddenly awoke to life, when the island once more changed hands, and became, to the everlasting joy of the Redthorns, the property of their much-beloved uncle John; who, with his wife and four sturdy little lads, went there to make their home. But first Aunt Sophronia's unalterable decree went forth that the main body of the grand old house must go; the wide corridor with its eighteen staring windows gave her the "creeps," and the boys would lose themselves in the cavernous rooms a hundred times a day; besides with a little alteration, the great L of the mansion would suit her exactly as a home, except that it, even, was far too large. The Redthorns unto the present generation wail at the memory that at this word vanished the old house which else might have remained, seed of rich fancies, unto this day. And yet another change was made, whose story the Redthorns used to whisper to one another with many shivery glances backward into the shadow by the fireplace, on winter nights. The famous flower-garden, though sadly overgrown with weeds, still stretched its bright length almost from the house door to the sea; and there were whispers that at the dim hour between the lights, when the inner sight grows more sensitive as the material sight grows useless, there was seen a slender shape flitting up and down the paths of the old garden, and stooping here and there as if to pluck a rose; and bye and bye, like a film of mist in the starlight, drifting down the willow path to the sea. And again a decree went forth from Aunt Sophronia; and one sunny afternoon a boat rowed from the island, to that part of the mainland which held the village cemetery; and in the boat was a long white box holding what poor remnants of mortality were found in the grave on the garden-edge; a grave empty now, and levelled with the grass. And they say that nevermore the light shape was seen among the roses or by the willow-path. But indeed it seems but an ill-chosen and unkind thing to have done, to have sought to fright away, with such rude change, a guest so fair and innocent. For surely we shall all be summoned to meet such, some strange day, be it far or near; and it were not ill, perhaps, to make welcome and win as friends any who might come among us, back to the little world of the "low skies and the short days!" But so did not think good Aunt Sophronia; and things were as we have said. But it is well known among the Redthorns, and accepted as much as a matter of course as any homely memory of sheep-shearing or ship launching, that not with all her inhospitality to the dead did Aunt Sophronia rid the Willows of those whose feet "leave no mark upon the seasand or the winter's snow." For even the Redthorn of her generation who is the unworthy compiler of these chronicles, have heard great-aunt Sophronia tell of the great chamber which was never empty when any sorrow was coming to her or hers, but which, when she chanced on the eve of such sorrow to enter it, she suddenly felt to be full of presence, of swift, rustling movement, of breaths that chilly fanned her cheek and hair, of touch half felt and gone again; of folk, she said—and the Redthorns have never found a more plausible explanation—who were come to tell her that some one near to her was called to join their company. The first time this somewhat awful experience came to this plucky, literal, unimaginative kinswoman of the Redthorns was one spring night when she went up to the great chamber to put away some clothes in the press. She had no thought of any uncanny visitants, no foreboding of any coming ill; and when a sudden gust of wet spring wind blew out her candle she had no dimmest fancy of how, a second after, she should feel the room about her "thick"—she says it so—with conscious, moving, crowding presences. She rushed downstairs, amazed, unnerved, her healthy color grayly gone, and not all Uncle John's incredulous, kindly ridicule of her "nervous scare" could shake her conviction that a message had been sent her from Somewhere out of sight. Nor did she ever doubt it after; for not twenty-four hours later, there on the old sofa down to which he had laughingly drawn her in his efforts to soothe her fright, her husband, his good and great heart stilled in a moment by some fatal weakness which had given no warning of its existence, lay cold and dead.

DOROTHY LUNDT.

CITY CHAT.

Dr. George B. Loring sails for his post as minister to Portugal today.

Up to yesterday morning Boston's subscription to the Pennsylvania relief fund had reached over $80,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Dickinson, who are now in Paris, will return to Australia this month and may not come home for a year or more.

The music dealers of this city have agreed to close their stores at 5 p. m. during June, July and August; and at 1 p. m. Saturdays during July and August.

Elliott F. Shepard of New York has subscribed $5000 in behalf of the Pennsylvania sufferers. The Shepard family gave $7600. Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt's gift was $3000.

The thunder-shower of Wednesday so disaffected the engine at the Allston power house by which the conduit electric system is run that the cars over that line have been drawn by horses while repairs were being made.

President Whitney says that the poles for the West End Street Railway Company's electric railway to Franklin Park have been received, and the work of putting them in place on Shawmut avenue and Warren street will begin in a few days.

The Quincy Patriot publishes in full the Memorial address by Erastus Edward Williamson, of Wollaston, on "Our Fallen Heroes," given before the Paul Revere Post 88, G. A. R., of Quincy, on Memorial Sunday. Mr. Williamson's effort was most noteworthy, being eloquent, patriotic and inspiring.

Mrs. Lawrence Barrett, accompanied by Miss Barrett, is bound for Bremen on the Lahn, to visit her married daughter. Lawrence Barrett is expected to arrive in New York from San Francisco on Sunday, and, after making some arrangements for his production of "Ganelon," will join his family in Europe. He goes to consult medical authorities regarding his throat trouble, of which mention was recently made in the papers.

The formal opening of the "Playstead" in Franklin Park will take place June 12 at 3 o'clock. It is to be expected that 9000 boys and girls will be present, and all of them will be conveyed to and from the park in cars furnished gratuitously by the West End Street Railway Company. President Whitney of the West End Street Railway sent the committee his personal check for the money needed for a band of music.

A Newport correspondent states that an offer of $550,000 was recently made by a well-known party for the estate owned by the heirs of the late Mrs. Gardner Brewer of Boston. This is, by all odds, the largest price ever offered for an estate in this city. The estate contains about eleven acres, and it extends to the Cliffs. But for the unfortunate illness of the wife of the gentleman making the offer the bargain would have been consummated. The location of the Brewer estate is the finest in the city.

Apropos of the Season.

Strawberry short-cake has a wide popularity. Made by the following recipe, it will receive even more than its usual amount of praise: To one quart of flour add half a level teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls heaped of baking-powder; sift three times, or stir thoroughly with a spoon; work a level tablespoonful of butter into the flour, and make into a dough with one pint of cold milk; roll the dough until it is not more than an eighth of an inch thick; cut it into two equal parts; rub the top of one piece with butter, using the butter freely, and place the second on it; cut it into cakes with a cutter about four inches in diameter, and bake quickly. When baked the cakes should come apart at a touch. Prepare the berries by removing the hull, and when quite ready to serve cut them into several pieces with the spoon, sweeten to taste, and place between and on top of each cake. One cake should be served to each person, and the cream left to be added or not as suits individual taste.

Strawberry jelly is extremely difficult to make. Sometimes the juice will make a firm jelly, and at others the best of care and skill will not insure success. Allow one pound of sugar to one pint of juice. The juice must be boiled 20 minutes before the sugar is added, and 10 minutes after.

Strawberry preserves are very rich, but are nice for making tarts and for various other uses in cold weather. For each quart of fruit allow three-quarters of a quart of sugar and half a pint of water. Boil the sugar and water to a sirup, then pour in the fruit, and simmer slowly 20 minutes. Seal up in small stone pots.

It is almost impossible to can strawberries so that they will keep their color and flavor. One reason why the canned berries are so poor is that stale fruit is bought because it is sold at a few cents less a quart. Strawberries should go directly from the vines to the kettle. No water should be added. Hull the berries, and as they are placed in a dish, sprinkle over them as much sugar as would make them sweet enough for immediate eating; let them stand 30 minutes; then put them in the kettle. As soon as they are heated through dip them into cans, seal, and set away in a perfectly dark place.

It has been a caprice for some time to serve strawberries in their green caps, arranged in dainty dishes or little baskets of odd shapes. If additional sweetness is desired by the eater, she dips the berries in powdered sugar before removing the cap.

To make strawberries into a pie, line a pie dish with good puff-paste, and set it in the oven until it is half baked; then turn in enough sugared strawberries to fill the crust, place narrow strips of crust over the top, and return to the oven to finish baking.

Strawberry ice-cream is made by adding the berries, crushed and sweetened, to cream ready for freezing, and mixing well together before pouring into the freezer. —*Harper's Bazar.*

A Sun-Dial in Paradise.

Charles Lamb was possibly not far wrong, says the Horological Journal, when he conjectured that Adam had a sun-dial in Paradise. Dials are probably older even than alchemy. The Babylonians had them; though the Egyptians, that wondrous people who knew most of the things the moderns have rediscovered, seem not to have used them. The Babylonians gave them to the Greeks; the Greeks to the Romans; and the Emperor Trajan is credited with an epigram upon the art of dialing. Naturally dials are most frequent in lands where the sun shines as a matter-of-course and not as a rare complacence. French and Italian gardens are full of them; to the walls of sunny chateaux they are fixed in hundreds. In the old days, when there was time for sentiment and room for it, sun dials were favorite gifts from great personages to one another—from people to princes, and from princes to people. Cosmo de' Medici, whose fitful humors so angered Benvenuto Cellini, gave one to the Florentine students of astronomy; and on the wall of Sta. Maria Novella it still marks the time of day. But even in our old cold land of fibre and complexion there are dials not a few. In Mrs. Gatty's book some 800 inscriptions are set down; and as some favorite legends are common to many dials, the recorded number is probably close upon 1,000.

THE VANDERBILT NURSERY.—In Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's house the nursery is separated from her own apartments by her bathroom. The nursery is in the First Empire styles. The wood is mahogany and, with the exception of a few classic lines, is without ornament. The walls are in pink and tinted into harmony with the wood. The furniture is mahogany, mounted in brass, and was made abroad in keeping with the style of the room. Connecting with the nursery is the children's morning and breakfast room This is in pine, painted gray green, and reflects old English styles, with lockers in the window seats. A dumb-waiter connects with the butler's pantry and kitchen. Here the children are supreme. They may set their own table, wash their own dishes and play at housekeeping in a truly serviceable way. The schoolroom contains all the most approved appliances for making the royal road smooth. Of these the ceiling is most original. Here in fresco is painted the heavens and the planetary system, and a lesson in astronomy is always in order, as it continually stimulates and prompts inquiry from the growing young minds.—*N. Y. Star.*

The Mexican Central Railway Co. announces that the new securities called for by the Trust Certificates issued by the Boston Safe Deposit & Trust Company in exchange for the Assented 4 per cent. Bonds and Income Bonds of the Mexican Central Railway Company (Limited), deposited with them under the President's circular dated January 30, 1889, will be ready for delivery at the office of the Trust Company on and after June 5, 1889.

NEW LITERATURE.

The great popularity of Mrs. Burnett's recent pen work is resulting in the re-issue of early works from her pen. "Vagabondia," now brought out by the Scribners, is Mrs. Burnett's first novel published in magazine and book form, and now revised by its author, brought out with a new title, through her regular publishers. "Vagabondia" is a sweet, simple tale of the life of a family of innocent, attractive motherless girls, who live in a state of financial deprivation, but rose-colored visions. The long waiting of the central pair of lovers, induced by poverty but sweetened by mutual adoration, is varied by a painful and well-nigh fatal misunderstanding between the youthful lovers, on which the interest of the story turns. The pathos which pervades Mrs. Burnett's work is noticeably present in this little volume, and as a tear-compeller it may well take rank with "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

[Vagabondia, A Love Story. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Paper, pp. 302. Price 50 cents. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons: Boston, Damrell & Upham.]

"Indoor Studies" by John Burroughs is one of the most charming collections of essays that have come from the press in a long time. John Burroughs is too well known and his position in the world of American literature, too eminent to need any comments on his delightful style. The subjects of these essays are Henry D. Thoreau, Science and Literature, Science and the Poets, Matthew Arnold's Criticism, Arnold's View of Emerson and Carlyle, Gilbert White's Book, A Malformed Giant, besides short papers on Dr. Johnson and Carlyle. Little Spoons vs. Big Spoons, The Ethics of War, Solitude, An Open Door, The True Realism, and Literary Fame, concluding with a most interesting Egotistical Chapter. The book is in its material appearance a worthy vehicle for the thoughts within.

[Indoor Studies, by John Burroughs, author of "Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," &c., &c. 12 mo. pp. 256. Price $1 25. New York and Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

"The Last of the Thorndikes," by James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke), is an interesting story of the last member of an old Puritan Boston Family. The author has won for himself a pleasant place in recent historical literature by his excellent books "The Rear-Guard of the Revolution," "The Advance-Guard of Western Civilization," and other volumes of similar character. In the present work Mr. Gilmore has engaged fiction with much more than fair results. The story is natural, wholesome and interesting, and at times it attains great power. The characters of Richard Thorndike—the last of his family, and of his Uncle Robert are eminently manly and delightful, while Charlotte Wilder and Isabel Lamson, the two girls who love the young Richard, are fine types of an exalted womanhood. The book is not without many striking and pathetic pages.

[The Last of the Thorndikes, by James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke). Peoples Library, 12mo., pp. 305. Paper cover 50 cents. New York, the People's Pub. Co. Received from the American News Company, New York.]

"The Nether World," a novel, by Geo. Gissing, gives a vivid picture of the lives of the poor classes in London. While it may seem incredible that there are such people living and suffering, as are described in this book, the characters are true to life, and their counterparts may be found in the slums of any large city. The story is interesting, and possesses a peculiar fascination, on account of the novel situations and unfamiliar scenes described. The book might profitably be put into the hands of people who have little acquaintance with the wretchedness existing at the back door of their own homes.

[The Nether World. A novel. By Geo. Gissing. 379 pp.; paper, 45 cents. Harper & Bros., publishers; New York.]

PERIODICALS.

The June number of the North American Review is invested with a singular interest, bearing as it does the name of Allen Thorndike Rice as its editor. While Mr. Rice's figure in the world of politics and large affairs was becoming each day more conspicuous, his position in the world of letters was none the less marked and eminent; and no event has occurred for a long time in the field of American literature more deplorable than his sudden decease. His handsome manly face looks out from the opening page seeming full of energy and life. The opening article of the numberis by Andrew Carnegie, on "Wealth." Mr. Carnegie's gospel of wealth is that rich men should distribute their possessions during their lifetime and thus make sure that their wishes will be carried into effect. Erastus Wiman discusses the destiny of Canada, considering the reasons for and against annexation, and arguing in favor of commercial union between the United States and the greater half of the continent. Andrew Lang writes most entertainingly of "Unhappy Marriages in Fiction." Congressman Nelson Dingley, of Maine, points out the remedy for the decline of American shipping in the foreign trade. In "The Inevitable Surrender of Orthodoxy," the Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston, puts in a forcible way the position of the liberal in religion. A particularly timely article is that by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, on "How a Census is Taken." The future of the steam engine and of other forms of heat engine is exhaustively considered by Prof. R. H. Thurston, Director of Sibley College, Cornell University, who concludes that the successor of the steam-engine has not yet been brought to light. Dr. William A. Hammond makes an earnest plea against ice-water drinking, contending that in some cases ice-water is as dangerous as prussic acid. Gen. William Booth commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, writes of the "Religious Value of Enthusiasm." In "Sir Arthur Sullivan and Piracy," Alexander P. Browne, Esq., tells of the struggles of the authors of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" to secure their rights in this country. In the department of Notes and Comments there are a number of interesting papers.—3 East 14th street, New York.

The picture of Robert Livingston forms the frontispiece of the June number of the Home Maker. A very practical and sensible editorial discusses the "Ethics of Business Correspondence," a subject too little known, or if known too often neglected by the great majority of mankind. Estelle Thomson contributes a paper entitled "In Wonderland," which takes up the raisin producing valleys of California. Lucy C Lillie continues her serial "Hope Harding." "Pet Lore for Pet Lovers," by Olive Thorne Miller, is devoted in this number to "Poor Puss." The illustrations are by E. L. Durant, and they are indeed about the saddest illustrations to be found in recent literature. The poor little puss whose slumbering form serves as a finis to the piece is of such uncertain and strange proportions that one scarcely knows whether it is a bison or a crocodile. Marion Harland contributes an interesting paper on Bryn Mawr College for girls Another interesting paper from this same writer is entitled an "Old New York Homestead. Oak Hill on the Livingston Manor." The departments "With the Housewife," "Our Young People," "Household Health," "Fashions," etc., are, as usual, filled with the most timely and practical matter.—Home Maker Co., 19 West 22d street, New York.

The June number of the Cosmopolitan is of a character thoroughly to sustain the reputation of this excellent monthly. It begins with " Student Life at Michigan University," a most entertaing article brilliantly illustrated. Mr. William Hosea Ballou contributes a paper on that most delightful of American Actors, Joseph Jefferson. There is no man upon the American stage today whose personality is more interesting than that of the gentle Rip Van Winkle, and this sketch will be read by many who have long delighted to watch its subject across the foot-lights. Another article of a somewhat similar character is "The Player's Club," by Geo. Edgar Montgomery. Mr. Booth has done a very handsome thing by his fellow actors in providing them so charming a home. J. Heard, Jr., contributes a most interesting story entitled "The Smuggler's Bride;" Oliver Johnson has a paper on 'The Great Agitation." Lawn tennis is discussed entertainingly, and the paper is accompanied by excellent pictures of the various champions. Edward Everett Hale continues his discussion of social problems. The illustrations are exceptionally fine. They are executed with warmth and naturalness as well as with great artistic excellence.—363 Fifth avenue, New York.

One of the less conspicuous but most interesting papers in the June Century is that by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston on her old neighbor Gen. Lee. The sketch has to do with the quiet years of his life on the Virginia plantation after the war. The many admirable qualities of Gen. Lee have long been conceded by the well informed, and this picture of his closing years is in every way a charming one. The number opens with Mr. Kennan's account of the important investigations made by him into the Exile System. He considers in this paper the "Convict Mines of Kara." The article is profusely illustrated. The frontispiece, a portrait of the French artist Corot, is accompanied by an article by Mrs. van Rensselaer, and along with the letter-press is another portrait of "Corot at Work," drawn from a photograph by Wyatt Eaton. The old painter is working in the open air under an umbrella, with a pipe in his mouth. A number of reproductions of Corot's paintings are also given. An article by an English writer on "The Bloodhound" is accompanied by wood engravings from sketches by an English artist. Mr. DeKay continues his Irish papers with a curiously illustrated article on "Early Heroes of Ireland " "Certain Forms of Woman's Work for Woman," by Mrs. Helen Campbell, describes especially the Young Women's Christian Association building of New York and the methods of work of the Association. "An American Amateur Astronomer" is an illustrated sketch of the career of Mr. Burnham, formerly of Chicago. Mr. Burnham is famous in a certain branch of astronomy. It is said that "the double stars he discovered were the closest and most difficult known to astronomers." In the Life of Lincoln several interesting chapters on important political events are published: "The Pomeroy Circular," "The Cleveland Convention," "The Resignation of Chase." Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's serial story, "The Last Assembly Ball," is concluded in this number. "The Relations of the United States and Canada" is the subject of a paper by Charles H. Lugrin. There are short stories published by George A. Hibbard, entitled "The Woman in the Case," and by James Lane Allen, entitled "King Solomon of Kentucky," illustrated by Kemble. In "Memoranda of the Civil War," are "The Canal at Island No. 10," "An Early Suggestion to Arm Negroes for the Confederacy," "Stonewall Jackson's Intentions at Harper's Ferry," and "A Question of Command at Franklin." In "Topics of the Time" are editorials on "John Bright," "The New States," "How to Preserve the Forests," and "The Dark Continent." Poems are printed in this number by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, Louise Morgan Smith, Edith M. Thomas, and other well known writers of verse.—New York, Century Co. Boston, Damrell & Upham.

The June number of the Eclectic Magazine of foreign literature devotes considerable of its space to articles on agnosticism, as the "Agnostic Controversy" by Prof. Huxley from the Nineteenth Century, "Cowardly Agnosticism' from the Nineteenth Century. Other articles are "Christianity and Geocentric System," by Prof. Edward A. Freeman, from the Contemporary Review. One of the most interesting papers in the magazine is "The Personality of Prince Bismarck," taken from Murray's Magazine. "With Father Damien and the Lepers," from the Nineteenth Century is a sketch of thrilling interest.—New York, E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street.

The opening paper in Belford's Magazine for June is a consideration of the United States Senate by John F. Hume. Mr. Hume thinks very little of the Senate. In his opinion the institution of this upper legislative house in our Congress was a great mistake, being taken from the English system, without having the excuse for its existence which is to be found in the English form of government. It was thought by the founders of our republic that the Senate would be a body eminently characterized by conservatism, dignity and ability; but in Mr. Hume's opinion the Senate has become the most degenerate feature of our government, and has conspicuously fewer able men than the lower House. He thinks that the time is coming when it will be abolished. Other articles in this number are "Meal," a western story by Marion Manville, "Snips From an Occasional Diary," by Coates Kinney, "The Survival of the Fittest," by James Steele, a "Safety Duel," by Walter Kennedy, and "Trusts," by James F. Minturn. The complete novel in this number is a very entertaining story entitled "A Vagabond's Honor," by E. Delancy Pierson.—New York, Belford, Clarke & Co.

The June number of Book News has as its frontispiece a likeness of Wilkie Collins. The opening paper is "Author and Critic," by Amelia E. Barr. A sketch of Wilkie Collins comes later in the number. A pleasant English tribute to Mr. Whittier is taken from the London Literary World. Bright reviews upon many recent books and much interesting literary information fill out the number.—Philadelphia, John Wanamaker.

The frontispiece of the June Book Buyer is the handsome face of John Burroughs, accompanying which is a sketch of this delightful writer by Hamilton W. Mabie. Arlo Bates' Boston letter is, as usual, full of literary interest, as are the English notes contributed by J. Ashby Sterry. A number of the recent books in the various departments of literature are discussed and many illustrations taken from their pages. —New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is not often that a real smuggler's cave is found to exist in these days. But a veritable one has just turned up in County Monaghan, where the police got on the track of an old illicit still. It is twenty years since a search was made in the same place, then without result, says the Dublin Mail, but this time the offender was caught. Entering the suspected house, the searchers got a welcome admittance from the owner. The kitchen and bedroom were searched without result, and next a stable. This stable was flagged with neat-cut, square freestone flags. On lifting two of the flags, which were closely fitted on a trap door, admittance was gained by descending a number of steps cut in the rock to a large cave under the bedroom. The cave was ten feet deep, and fourteen feet by twelve, and was cut in the solid rock. Here a large still (metal) and all the requisites of distillery were found, also a large quantity of wash and a jar of the real mountain dew. The smoke from the fire in the cave went up along the kitchen chimney. A copious supply of spring water was available in the cave.

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is the electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at Burgenstock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle of 112 degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgenstock is almost perpendicular—from the shore of Lake Lucerne to the Burgenstock is 1330 feet, and it is 2860 feet above the level of the sea. The total length of the line is 938 metres, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent. which is increased to 58 per cent. after the first 400 metres, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power, electricity, is generated by two dynamos, each of twenty-five horse power, which are worked by a water-wheel of nominally 125-horse power, erected upon the river Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at twenty-five per cent.

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LUXURIOUS NEW YORK WOMEN.

The luxurious habits of New York women, says the World, have grown very nearly to rival the stories told of Poppeæ, who had bushels of fresh rose leaves picked every night to sleep on, and who took a daily morning bath of asses' milk to keep her skin soft and satiny. This is not quite the form that luxury takes here, but the amount of time and labor spent in the care of the person and the preservation of beauty is something calculated to surprise the people who give it no attention. The maid has ceased to be sufficient attendance, her time being more or less absorbed by the toilet and cognate matters, so the present plan is to engage the services of a woman who goes out by the day or hour, and whose cards read Ladies' Toilets. She has entire charge of the persons of her customers, and it is her duty to see that they are kept beautiful. Once or twice a week she rubs, combs, brushes, clips and cleans their hair, undertaking to keep it soft, sleek and thick. She manicures the nails, and uses and recommends such unguents as are warranted to keep the hands soft and white. She is a pedicure as well, and keeps her customers' feet in as perfect condition as their hands. She has a thousand different devices for beautifying the face, and undertakes to ward off wrinkles by her rubbings and emollients. She trains eyebrows in the way they should go, removes superfluous hair, induces eyelashes to thicken and lengthen; keeps the skin smooth, fresh and fair, and declares she can make the lips keep their bloom without the use of rouge. She looks after the figure, too, having a system called the Swedish movement, by which she tightens up flaccid muscles, rounds thin throats and lean arms, and removes any of the disfigurements of outline that have resulted from tight-lacing and the abnormal tendency of flesh to any one part of the body. She reduces flesh, too, and undertakes to develop symmetry. Her principal occupation, however, and the one best relished by her luxurious employers, is the massage bath. The tub is filled with warm water, quite as hot as can be comfortably borne, and into this is thrown a bath bag consisting of a little sack of cheese cloth, loosely filled with almond meal, powered orris root and grated soap. The water turns soft and milky as the contents of the bag dissolve, and the skin is rubbed with the bag, which makes a smooth, violet-perfumed lather, and leaves the flesh as soft as a child's. The bather is rubbed dry and rolled in a big sheet of Turkish towelling, and then every inch of the body is carefully rubbed, kneaded and pinched with hands moistened in violet-water, which impregnates the skin with a faint, flower-like perfume. This takes the place of exercise in a great measure, and women who are too indolent or too busy to walk or practice in a gymnasium, find this keeps the skin in equally good condition and is a more luxurious method of setting the blood to circulating. Another fancy of these dainty women is to sleep in silk. They have long abjured any other wear for underclothes, and now there are being shown in the shops that cater to all the new whims of the sex, sets of silk sheets and pillow-cases in all colors. With these go the beautiful East Indian blankets, woven entirely of raw silk, and down spreads covered with surah or satin. These sheets and pillow-cases are hemstitched with a crest or monogram embroidered in one corner. Some of them have a delicate vine embroidered along the edge, or a broad band of Aranu work. They are of all delicate colors and white and black. Mrs. George Gould, who has a passion for violets, has several sets of silken bed furnishings of pale lilac, with wreaths of Parma violets embroidered around them. The Hindu blanket is a deeper purple and the violet colored down spread is perfumed with sachets of violet powder.—*N. Y. World.*

The Economic Use of Peanuts.

The peanut is a useful product—much more so, indeed, than people imagine. We all know how extensively it is eaten in its roasted state, but therein by no means, lies the extent of its value. The nuts contain from 42 to 50 per cent. of a nearly colorless, bland, fixed oil, resembling olive oil, and used for similar purposes. The best is obtained by cold expression, but a large quantity of inferior oil is procured by heating the seeds before pressing. It is a non-drying oil, changing but slowly by exposure to the atmosphere, and remaining fluid in a cold several degrees below 32 degrees Fahr. It contains, besides oleic and palmitic acids, two other oily acids, which have been called the arahic and hypogœic, though it is doubtful if they are really distinct. The principal consumption of the oil is in soap making. In 1883 Virginia began the manufacture of peanut flour, the result being a peculiarly palatable biscuit, while Georgia has long made pastry of pounded peanuts. The kernels roasted are largely used in the manufacture of chocolate, while the *amande de terre*, as has been shown, is used by the confectioners. It is also eaten as a fruit, and roasted for coffee. The poor man's fruit, the peanut, is capable of sustaining life for a long time, owing to its peculiarly nutritive qualities, the negroes using it alike in porridge, custard, or as a beverage. Nor does its usefulness end here, for the vines form a splendid fodder, as good as clover hay, while hogs will fatten on what they find in the fields after the crop has been gathered. It is an easy crop to raise, the demand for nuts has trebled within the past few years, and has never yet equalled the demand. The quantity used in this country may be set down at 3,000,000 bushels.—*Philadelphia Caterer.*

How the Piano Grew.

The piano, as we see it today, is the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after a while the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P. and had ten strings. It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers. For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hands of the player, and then a genius invented a key-board, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers. This instrument was called a clavicytherium, or keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time. In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spine, because the hammers were covered with spines of quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord, and this was the instrument that Lady Washington, Mrs. Hamilton, and the fine ladies of our revolutionary times played on. In 1710 Bartolomeo Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a key or key-board, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano. In the past 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as the piano. At the present day the upright piano has the field almost entirely to itself, and has reached such a high grade of perfection in shape, tone and appearance that there would appear to be no possibility of further improvement.—*The Musical Courier.*

VERY SMALL IN THE BOY'S EYES.—The small boy is a terror when he has an inquiring mind. Such a boy strolled into the editor's room the other day, and at once proceeded to down the patient man at the desk.

"Are you on the paper?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"What do you do?"

"Write for it."

"Write all the time?"

"Yes."

"Don't you do anything else?"

"No."

"Just wait for somebody else to do something and then write about it?"

"Yes."

"Um!" ejaculated the small boy with a look of deep disgust as he walked off.

The toiler at the desk did not laugh. Never before had he felt so small and mean. He had been made to see himself from a new and original point of view.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Tours Through the Yellowstone National Park.

Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb will have only two excursions to the Yellowstone National Park this season. The first party will leave Boston Monday, July 22. The tour occupies twenty-five days from the departure until the return, and the itinerary has been arranged to the best possible advantage. The time allowed for the tour through the park is much longer than is usually alloted by individual tourists, and the result is a far more satisfactory round of sight-seeing, together with restful halts by the way. While the ordinary tourist is rushing about with only a few hours in which to see any of the points of interest, the Raymond parties are found taking their ease at the upper Geyser Basin or the Grand Canon. In addition to the Yellowstone Park tours, the enterprising firm announces twenty-two July trips to leading eastern and northern resorts. Send to W. Raymond, 296 Washington street, opposite School street, Boston, for descriptive circulars.

Mrs. Testy (looking up from the paper):—"Isn't this strange? A certain gentleman after a fit of illness was absolutely unable to remember his wife, and did not believe she was the one he married." Mr. Testy:—"Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over."

It is certainly cheaper than water. To think of getting Port, Sherry, Angelica, Muscatel, or Sweet Catawba, for a dollar a gallon! Considering the difference in the taste this is certainly much cheaper than water. They are to be had at Fisher and Fairbanks, 19 Exchange street, Boston.

HOTEL FLOWER.

Columbus Avenue and Holyoke Street.

TURKISH, RUSSIAN and ROMAN BATHS

NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

These baths are an honor to New England, and for beauty and richness in finish and decoration, for completeness in appointments, for competency in service, they have few rivals in the world.

Price, Single Bath, $1; 6 Tickets, $5; 12 Tickets, $9.

Hours for admission for ladies and gentlemen: Ladies:—Every morning except Saturday and Sunday from 8 to 12; also Thursday from 8 A. M to 5 P. M. and Sunday from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.

Gentlemen—Every afternoon from 1 P. M. to 11 P. M., except Thursday and Sunday. Thursday from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M., and Sunday from 8 A. M. to 12, and from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M. Saturday all day from 8 A. M. to 11 P. M.

All Columbus avenue cars pass the building. Dartmouth street cars pass within two squares of the bath.

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FARM TO LET IN HINGHAM consisting of about 20 acres of mowing, pasture, and tillage land, under good cultivation: within 10 minutes of Steamboat wharf, Downer Landing, and 15 minutes from steam cars. Fine estate for poultry farm and market farming; excellent market for products. Address

A. B. C.,

Commonwealth Office, 25 Bromfield Street.

THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS.

The wonderful Kellar has come back to Boston on his annual visit. His appearance at the *Park Theatre* this week has been the occasion of large gatherings of wondering and mystified people. If it is a great pleasure to see others wrapped in mystery over things that are quite plain and clear to ourselves, what a delightful life Mr. Kellar must lead, for he presumably understands himself, but certainly no one else does. As a maker of marvels he is without a peer. Though he has been with us often, such is his fertility of mind and resources that he always comes to us new and fresh. The particular feature of his present performance, at once the newest and most remarkable of his many feats, is the wonderful Astarte, a beautiful maiden who under the directing influence of Mr. Kellar, floats here and there, like a spirit of air, resting on nothing in earth or heaven, treading the atmosphere as firmly and as easily as others tread the solid earth. How she does it nobody can tell. She is too real to be a reflection; she is too material not to need some support; but support she evidently has none. Not only does she change from place to place, making various alterations in her costume showing that nowhere does she come in contact with any material body, but she plays skipping rope with a hoop, which passing all around her precludes the idea of any earthly attachment. Astarte is but one of the many entertaining features of the performance, but being the newest of them all she is more worthy of mention. The others are no less marvellous, but having been seen before it is less necessary to mention them in detail. The singing and the banjos and the mandolins of the Spanish students permeate the entire performance and add greatly to the evening's entertainment. Kellar will be here another week.

***

The downpouring of the rain on Monday night was not sufficient to keep back those in whose heart there has long been a warm place for that king of minstrels, Lew Dockstader, and consequently his engagement at the *Boston Theatre* began on Monday night with a large gathering which has been repeated every night throughout the week. Those lofty people who have an idea that a minstrel show is something rather vulgar in its nature, should go to Dockstader's and have this idea forever dispelled. There is not a grain of vulgarity in the whole performance, and of stupidity there is even less. It is one carnival of fun from beginning to end, but all of a sort to which we can recommend our best and worthiest citizens. The first part of the programme opened with the "Social Session of the Knickerbocker Club," which gave opportunity for much eminent playing of bones, artistic thumping of the tambourine, singing of a very musical order, and merriment unrestrained. Messrs. Berry Maxwell, J. H. Davis, George Marion, are all to be mentioned with commendation for their work. A very entertaining feature of the performance was "The Post-Electric Railway from Boston to New York in Thirty Minutes" which portrays the rapid transit tendency of the age in a very amusing manner. The evening's entertainment is brought to a close in a hilarious and memorable manner by a skit entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?"

***

At the *Boston Museum* "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is drawing undiminished crowds, and there is every prospect that its popularity will fill the Museum during its entire summer run. On Wednesday afternoon the 100th performance of this fascinating play was given to an audience limited only by the size of the theatre.

***

Kate Claxton is ever welcome to Boston. Her return Monday night to the *Grand Opera House* for a two weeks' engagement called forth a goodly audience, notwithstanding the superabundant downcoming of the rain. "The Two Orphans," which has been presented this week is far from a novelty—too far indeed to call for extended description. That its charm still continues undimished is apparent enough from the undecreasing number of its patrons. It is a powerful play and in the hands of competent artists it is capable of many repetitions without wearisomeness. Of Kate Claxton herself in the role of the blind girl, Louise, it is unnecessary to speak at length, so well known is the admirable performance she gives. The stage affords few pictures of pathos more intense than Miss Claxton's portrayal of this highly dramatic part. The star is supported by a strong and well-balanced company, including Miss Rose Eytinge, Miss Esther Lyon, Mr. Chas. A. Stevenson and Mr. Arthur Forrest. "The Two Orphans" will be continued another week.

***

"The Pirates of Penzance" will be the production with which the Gaiety Opera Company will open the second week of its engagement at the *Gaiety and Bijou* on Monday.

The success with which the Mascot has been received the past week shows that Manager Keith's judgment in choosing opera for the summer season was not inferior to that which has at every move made the house such a success during the past three years. Mr. Milton Aborn's Lorenzo was a fine piece of acting and its humor it may be said convulsed the house at every performance. What he will do as the Sergeant of Police in next week's production is yet to be determined, but judging from his last season's successes the performance will be both artistic and pleasing. Miss Marion Chester will appear as Mabel and Miss Russell as Ruth, Robert Nodine, the popular tenor is cast for his favorite part of Frederic and Gen. Stanley, J. L. Slattery will have good opportunity to show his wit. The remainder of the cast though averaging well, call for no special mention. Among the specialty features will be Herr Jules Keller whose last week promises successfully, and the midget trio whose engagement also is drawing to a close.

One Sunday evening next a benefit concert for the Johnstown sufferers will be given when a strong array of volunteer talent will appear. Tickets are now on sale at the box office.

***

THE MUSEUMS.

At Pilling's *World's Museum*, next week, a fine programme is offered to the patrons of this popular place of amusement. According to the policy that Manager Pilling has mapped out a splendid stage entertainment will be given, some of the best talent in the profession having been engaged to appear. Among them is Miss Kitty Adams, a pleasing vocalist, who was discovered by Manager Pilling and who made a big hit last week. Among the other artists engaged are the following: Santasma, the Japanese juggler; F. E. Henry, baritone soloist; Ed. Logan, late of Dockstader's Minstrels, in his specialty of "The Oklahama Boomer;" Will and Lew Crane, who play a bone duett and draw landscapes and tear paper patterns while dancing; Joe Adams, burlesque magician; John Moran, Irish comedian; the Lehrs, in their sketch, "Slightly Mixed," and Miss Marchand, serio-comic. There will be no end of attractions in the curio halls. For the first time Prof. Milton's flying machine will be exhibited, and in addition Prof. Angelo's troupe of performing birds, including the one which tells the correct time of day will be shown. Then there will be the life-like wax figures, made by Paul Vogt, late of the Eden Musee, among which is his latest creation—Cleopatra, which was modelled from life. There will be many other striking novelties, all of which are well worth seeing. There is enough to interest the visitor for several hours in the curio halls and upon the stage.

Stage Whispers.

Edwin Booth will spend his summer vacation in Newport, R. I.

Mr. John Gilbert is reported to be making steady progress toward good health.

"The Burglar" will be presented at the Park Theatre on June 17, with a fine cast, headed by Mr. Maurice Barrymore.

Martin Drake, treasurer of the Globe Theatre, and wife will enjoy the cool breezes and excellent scenery from the Atlantic House, Nantasket, this season.

As usual, in times of great public calamity, managers of theatres and shows have been prompt to announce performances for the benefit of the afflicted communities in Pennsylvania.

During the remaining weeks of the summer season the prices at the Park Theatre will be reduced. The best seats in the orchestra will be $1, orchestra circle and balcony 75 cents, and the others at 50 and 25 cents.

Henry E. Dixey will produce a new burlesque by himself and William Gill, at the Standard Theatre, New York, in the fall, under the management of James C. Duff. If successful the piece will run through the entire season.

Oakland Garden will be opened for the summer season, Monday, June 17. Manager Charles H. Gavett, who will again assume the management of this resort, is making arrangements for many important features in the way of attractions.

On Thursday afternoon next a special performance of "The Two Orphans" will be given at the Grand Opera House by the Kate Claxton Co., acting in concert with Managers Proctor & Mansfield, the entire receipts of the play to be handed to the relief committee for the Johnstown sufferers.

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett have closed their season in order that Mr. Barrett may go to Europe on important business connected with his coming production of William Yonge's new tragedy, "Ganelon," which is to be given an unusually elaborate production Oct. 7 in the Chicago Opera House. Mr. Barrett sails for Europe June 19.

Miss Rosina Vokes closes her season at Daly's Theatre tonight, after which she will go to Europe for a short vacation, opening her next tour Sept. 10 at the Park Theatre in Brooklyn. Miss Vokes begins an extended season at Daly's Theatre on April 14 of next year, when Mr. Daly's company will again go to England to fill engagements.

There was a panic, happily without serious result, in the theatre at Medina, New York, the other night, brought on by a boy screaming, "Here," which was mistaken for "Fire" by many. According to the report the worse acting men in the house were some firemen in the gallery. For the credit of a noble army, it is to be hoped that the charges against these men will be disproved.

Manager B. F. Keith, who kindly offered the free use of the Bijou for a benefit performance for the flood sufferers, to take place next Sunday evening, has already secured a sufficient number of volunteers to make a very attractive programme, but he would like to hear from all who are willing to assist, as the stronger the bill the better. It is to be hoped that all who can aid Manager Keith in this laudable enterprise will do so.

Messrs. Pains' grand pyrotechnic spectacle, "The Great Fire of London, 1666," will be produced at the Pompeiian Amphitheatre, Huntington avenue, for this season, with the same excellence and completeness as at Manhattan Beach last summer. It is said to be their finest stage picture, and the fireworks will, as before, show what it is possible to produce in the way of novelty, brilliancy and magnificent coloring. The success of last season here insures a liberal patronage for this splendid out-door entertainment. The opening date is fixed for Saturday evening, June 15.

P. T. Barnum and J. A. Bailey, owners of the Greatest Show on Earth, have everything new this year. The show is also claimed to be grander, greater and richer than ever before, and is now organized and equipped in such proportions that its acts require three rings, two stages and a hippodrome racing track. Its army of male and female performers are found in every part of the huge tents, in the rings, in the air, on the stage and on the track. Among the features are talking seals, a Moorish caravan, with Algerian dancing girls, slaves and Bedouins with all their weapons and horses, a double herd of trained elephants, two droves of camels, white mules, three military bands, a juvenile fife-and-drum corps, a gallery of over forty living, beautiful supernatural illusions. The show will be here on June 17.

The benefit performance to be given at the Globe Theatre next Monday afternoon in aid of the fund for the sufferers by the great flood in Pennsylvania, promises to be a great theatrical event. Mr. Stetson has not only generously offered the free use of his theatre, gas, printing, etc., but he has also offered to pay the expenses of the New York actors and actresses who volunteer and come here to play. A large number of professionals have been communicated with among them the following, and no doubt many of them will appear: Robson and Crane, George Fortesque, William Hanlon, Kellar, Sadie Martinot, Louis Harrison, John A. Mackey, George W. Howard, the Daly Brothers, James T. Powers, Pauline Hall, Joseph L. White, Frank Daniels, James T. Maffitt and N. D. Jones. Mr. Henry E. Dixey will have the direction of the stage. It has been suggested that ladies who desire to give assistance, and who cannot or do not wish to appear on the stage, might materially increase the fund by consenting to sell flowers in the lobby of the theatre during the performance. All persons, professional or otherwise, who wish to assist should send their names to Manager Stetson, Globe Theatre.

Key Notes.

Mme. Marie Roze announces that she will never again accept flowers offered to her during a performance on the stage.

The funeral of Arthur C. White, a widely-known compositor, was held last Sunday afternoon at his late residence, 57 Thomas park, South Boston.

At the recent artists' ball at the Paris Opera House, Mme. Bernhardt was conductor of the orchestra, and the younger M. Coquelin first violin player.

The Music Hall promenade concerts are gaining a steady patronage from the best classes of music lovers, and Mr. Neuendorff's programmes are worthy all the high praises bestowed upon them.

Temagno, the tenor, will be in Adelina Patti's company through its American tour next season, but will sing on alternate nights. It is reported that his contract with Mr. Abbey calls for $100,000 for fifty nights.

A grand concert will be given in aid of the Johnstown sufferers Sunday evening by the Young Men's Hebrew Association at their hall, corner of Springfield and Washington streets. There will be excellent talent, and the mere announcement ought to be sufficient to attract a crowded house.

The Gilbert and Sullivan partnership is to be continued, according to report, which says that Gilbert is well advanced upon another libretto, for which Sullivan will shortly start the music. He expects that the work will be in fair order before the heavy duties of the Leeds Festival begin. Sir Arthur desires to be a little ahead with the opera, and it is for this reason that he has disappointed the Leeds Festival authorities in the matter of the short choral work which he had promised.

The new summer venture by Messrs. Eugene Tompkins and Gustav Hinrichs of giving grand opera in English at low prices during the heated term will be inaugurated on Monday next with the ever favorite "Bohemian Girl." The opera is to be presented with a full and strong cast, efficient chorus and large orchestra; in fact, the entertainments by the new American opera company, under the able direction of Gustav Hinrichs, are to be first-class in every respect notwithstanding the low prices that will prevail.

Much regret is felt that the Boylston Club, the mixed chorus, which for about 16 years has done such excellent work under the direction of Mr. George L. Osgood, has been obliged to disband for lack of financial support. The club for the first two years after its organization was directed by Mr. J. B. Sharland, and since then Mr. Osgood has been its efficient director. Under Mr. Osgood's baton the Boylston attained an enviable position among the singing clubs of the country, showing the effect of careful, conscientious work intelligently directed. It is rumored that at the end of a year Mr. Osgood will organize another club similar to the Boylston. Should this be the case doubtless many of his former associates will join it.

Following is a list of the free concerts to be given this summer by the Germania Band:—

Common, Sunday, June 16.
Common, Sunday, June 23.
Common, Sunday, June 30.
Common, Sunday, July 7.
South Boston — Independence square, Monday, July 8.
Roslindale, junction of Washington and Ashland streets, Wednesday, July 10.
Charlestown — Sullivan square, Friday, July 12.
Common, Sunday, July 14.
East Boston—Maverick square, Wednesday, July 17.
South Boston—Norris Park, Friday, July 19.
Common, Sunday, July 21.
Allston—Junction of North Beacon and Cambridge streets, Monday, July 22.
Jamaica Pond, Tuesday, July 23.
Dorchester Lower Mills, Friday, July 26.
Common, Sunday, July 28.
North square—Wednesday, July 31.
East Boston—Belmont square, Friday, Aug. 2.
Common, Sunday, Aug. 4.
Roxbury — Orchard Park, Wednesday, Aug. 7.
Charles River Embankment, Friday, Aug. 9.
Common, Sunday, Aug. 11.
Dorchester—Mt. Bowdoin, Wednesday, Aug. 14.
Brighton—Junction of Chestnut Hill avenue and Rockland street, Friday, Aug. 16.
Common, Sunday, Aug. 18.
Charlestown—Winthrop square, Wednesday, Aug. 21.
Roxbury—Junction of Tremont street and Huntington avenue, Friday, Aug. 23.
Common, Sunday, Aug. 25.
Sunday concerts begin at 4 p. m., and week day concerts at 8.

Attention has lately been called to the peculiarly corrosive, and consequently destructive, effect of the creosote of wood soot upon chimneys, owing to the fact that the creosote thus formed from the slow combustion of wood contains so large a proportion of pyroligneous vinegar or crude acetic acid; this acid being formed in large quantities when the combustion of the wood is slow, many quarts, in fact, being condensed in cold weather, where a large wood fire is very much checked, only a few hours being required for such condensation. The acid in question dissolves lime readily, carrying it away in solution, and in this manner the mortar is frequently entirely removed from the tops of chimneys in the country, new ones suffering in the same way as the old, instances being numerous where the top courses of brick in chimneys only two years old have become entirely without support other than that afforded by the sand with which the lime was mixed.

PURIFYING WATER BY ELECTRICITY.—Professor Hugo Blanck, of Pittsburg, Pa., says that the passing of an electric current through water kills all the germs of disease that are in it. Experiments, it is stated, have been made with water taken from the Monongahela River, near the sewer escapes, with entirely satisfactory results. A Pittsburg capitalist has built large tanks in that city from which he proposes to supply citizens with water made pure by the electrical process.

The Jubilee Concerts.

The much-talked of Gilmore Concerts commemorative of the Jubilee twenty years ago, began on Wednesday evening, with an excellent house and an almost unexceptionable programme. Few musicians from out of town have such a warm place in the Boston heart as Mr. Gilmore, the reason of which is not far to seek. As an artist he is great, as a director he is unsurpassed, as a man he is delightful; and his band is without question the finest military musical organization in the country. The programme for the opening evening was as follows:—

Overture—"Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Gilmore's Band.
Contralto aria—Page's song, from "Les Huguenots" ..... Meyerbeer
Miss Campbell.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2 ..... Liszt
Gilmore's Band.
Hallelujah Chorus—From the "Messiah" .. Handel
Boston Chorus, with organ and band accompaniment.
Air Varie for soprano—'La Stella,' ..... Proch
Mme. Stone-Barton.
Grand Fantasie from "Le Prophete" ... Meyerbeer
Gilmore's Band.
Aria for basso—"I Am a Roamer" .. Mendelsshon
Mr. Whitney.
Grand March and Chorus—"Hail, Bright Abode" ..... Wagner
Boston Chorus and Gilmore's Band.
Arthur W. Thayer, Conductor.
Tenor aria—"Celeste" ("Aida") ..... Verdi
Herr De Danckwardt.
Cornet solo—"Polka Caprice" ..... Liberati
Sig. Liberati.
Episode militaire—"The Charge of the Light Brigade" ..... Puerner
Gilmore's Band.
Quartette—From "Rigoletto" ..... Verdi
Mme. Stone-Barton, Miss Campbell, Messrs. Whitney and Danckwardt.
National air—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" ..... Rev. S. F. Smith
Sung by the Boston chorus, with organ, band and artillery accompaniment, as at the close of the first day of the jubilee of 1869.

The work of the instruments was uniformly good, the opening "Tannhauser" being especially grand and impressive. Miss Campbell was in excellent voice, her lower tones especially being full and rich. Mme. Stone-Barton's rendering of "La Stella" was, as goes without saying, a delightful piece of music. As an encore she gave a cuckoo song that was very quaint and pretty. Mr. Whitney, both in the set piece "I Am a Roamer" and in the encore which with apparent reluctance he was forced to give, did the most effective vocal work of the evening, being in good voice and singing with perfect artistic expression. The new tenor, Herr De Danckwardt, was not altogether a success. He would sing much better—or not at all—if he could see himself do it. While his voice is open neither to special commendation or faultfinding his facial expression is far from happy.

The chorus numbered not far from 800 voices but it did not sing with anything like the volume that would naturally be expected from so vast a choir. Its work was careful and correct, but it lacked force and strength. The closing piece, the national air with cannon accompaniment, met of course with great popular approval. Not content with the abundant programme the audience demanded an encore after nearly every piece. Mr. Gilmore could not be criticized were he less generous in responding. People want too much for a dollar.

On the second day of the festival, two concerts were given. Before the matinee an organ concert was given from 1 to 2 o'clock, with W. J. D. Leavitt at the centennial organ. At the afternoon offering the brilliant programme included miscellaneous selections by Gilmore's military band, with solo selections for 15 of its soloists. There were operatic numbers by Mme. Blanche Stone-Barton, Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, Eugene de Danckwardt, Myron W. Whitney, and chorus selections of the jubilee of 1869, Mozart's "Gloria," from the twelfth mass and the "Star Spangled Banner" with artillery accompaniment, sung by the great reunion chorus from New England organizations. Musical director, P. S. Gilmore.

At the evening concert at 8 o'clock the programme included choicest numbers of the repertoire of Gilmore's military band, with solo selections by Signorina De Vere, Miss Helen Dudley Campbell, Sig. Italo Campanini, Eugene de Danckwardt, Sig. Del Puente, Myron W. Whitney, and chorus selections including Dudley Buck's festival hymn, "Angel of Peace;" "The Pilgrim's Chorus," from I. Lombardi; and Gilmore's national anthem "Columbia," with artillery accompaniment sung by the great Boston chorus of 1000 voices. The jubilee concerts have been among the most noteworthy events of the season.

Pundita Ramabai, the Christianized Indian woman, has begun her school in the Bombay District, India, with one child-widow and three little girls.

GILMORE'S
ANNIVERSARY JUBILEE,
MECHANICS' BUILDING.
2 LAST DAYS.
SATURDAY, JUNE 8,
—AND—
SUNDAY, JUNE 9,
Afternoon and Evening.
Boston School Children's Chorus
OF 1,000 VOICES.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON the Great Boston Chorus.
Saturday and Sunday Evenings Ten Famous Vocalists, Eighteen Instrumental Soloists.
GILMORE'S GREAT BAND,
Anvils, Cannon and Centennial Organ.
Seats now on sale at Boston Music Hall and Mechanics' Building.
Reserved seats, including admission, $1. General admission, 50 cents.

25-CENT DINNER!
12 TO 3.
SALMON AND PEAS,
STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE,
With Soups, Roasts, Entries, Pies, Puddings, Tea Coffe or Milk, at
KIMBALL'S,
6 ALLSTON STREET, near Somerset Street.

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(LIMITED.)
The new securities called for by the Trust Certificates issued by the Boston Safe Deposit & Trust Company in exchange for the Assented 1 per cent. Bonds and Income Bonds of the Mexican Central Railway Company (Limited), deposited with them under the President's circular dated January 30, 1889, will be ready for delivery at the office of the Trust Company on and after June 5, 1889.
S. W. REYNOLDS, Treasurer.

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The sounding C on one of Ditson Company's famous GUITARS; BANJOS; MANDOLINS is always in unison with the restful pleasure of summer days in summer pleasant places. Don't go to a music-less house! Take with you one of our light, portable musical instruments!
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SONG HARMONY, (60 cts.) Fine 4 part songs.
POPULAR SONG COLLECTION, ($1.00.) 37 good songs.
SONG CLASSICS, ($1.00.) 50 high-class songs.
SONG CLASSICS, ALTO VOICE, ($1.00.) 47 songs.
CLASSIC TENOR SONGS, ($1.00.) 36 songs.
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CHOICE VOCAL DUETS, ($1.00.) The newest.
POPULAR DANCE MUSIC COLLECTION, ($1.00.)
POPULAR PIANO COLLECTION, ($1.00.) 27 pieces.
CLASSICAL PIANIST, ($1.00) 42 pieces.
PIANO CLASSICS, ($1.00.) 44 pieces.
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THIS ICE CREAM HAS NO SUPERIOR.
TRY IT AT
OAK GROVE FARM CAFE,
413 Washington Street.

Music.

The promenade concerts furnish the ideal entertainment for summer nights, and the large audiences that gather at Music Hall every evening bear witness to the popular appreciation of their attractions. The orchestration, under leadership of Conductor Neuendorff, is of unusual excellence, and the "taking" and varied character of the programmes offered night after night ensures satisfaction from all patrons. The hall, with its new arrangement, is generally approved, and at the present popular prices the "Pops" leave nothing to be desired in the way of enjoyability.

The Wonderful Spectacles.

"I was walking along on the sea-shore. The day was singularly clear and sunny. Inland lay the most beautiful landscape ever seen; and far off were ranges of tall hills, the highest peaks of which were white with glittering snows. Along the sands by the sea came towards me a man accoutred as a postman. He gave me a letter. It was from you. It ran thus:—

"'I have got hold of the earliest and most precious book extant. It was written before the world began. The text is easy enough to read; but the notes, which are very copious and numerous, are in such minute and obscure characters that I cannot make them out. I want you to get for me the spectacles which Swedenborg used to wear; not the smaller pair—those he gave to Hans Christian Andersen—but the large pair, and these seem to have mislaid. I think they are Spinoza's make. You know he was an optical-glass maker by profession, and the best we ever had. See if you can get them for me.'

"When I looked up after reading this letter I saw the postman hastening away across the sands, and I cried out to him, 'Stop! how am I to send the answer? Will you not wait for it?'

"He looked round, stopped, and came back to me.

"'I have the answer here,' he said, tapping his letter-bag, 'and I shall deliver it immediately.'

"'How can you have the answer before I have written it?' I asked. 'You are making a mistake.'

"'No,' he said. 'In the city from which I come the replies are all written at the office, and sent out with the letters themselves. Your reply is in my bag.'

"'Let me see it,' I said. He took another letter from his wallet, and gave it to me. I opened it, and read, in my own handwriting, this answer, addressed to you:—

"'The spectacles you want can be bought in London; but you will not be able to use them at once, for they have not been worn for many years, and they sadly want cleaning. This you will not be able to do yourself in London, because it is too dark there to see well, and because your fingers are not small enough to clean them properly. Bring them here to me, and I will do it for you.'

"I gave this letter back to the postman. He smiled and nodded at me; and then I perceived, to my astonishment, that he wore a camel's-hair tunic round his waist. I had been on the point of addressing him—I know not why—as Hermes. But I now saw that he must be John the Baptist; and in my fright at having spoken to so great a saint I awoke."—*Dr. Anna Kingsford.*

Thackeray's grave is in Kensal Green, one of the most attractive of London cemeteries, and his last resting-place is as simple and unpretentious as was his life. The grave is covered in by a low wall of brick, on which is laid a large horizontal slab of white marble, perfectly plain, with this inscription: "William Makepeace Thackeray. Born July 11, 1811. Died December 24, 1863." His mother, who died not long after her son, is buried with him, and her name—Anne Carmichael Smyth—is carved on the same stone and with a similar epitaph. The lot has no other tenants, and an iron railing, rising a few inches above the slab, is thickly twined with ivy mingled with climbing flowers. Far better this grave in the free air and sunshine, than a tomb in that gloomy charnel-house, Westminster Abbey, whose glories cannot compensate for the atmosphere of death and decay enshrined there; except this, that where one will see his last resting-place in Kensal Green, twenty would see it in Westminster Abbey.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
FOR BEAUTY OF POLISH.
SAVING LABOR, CLEANLINESS, DURABILITY & CHEAPNESS. UNEQUALLED.
NO ODOR WHEN HEATED.

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK THEATRE.
Lessees and Managers...ABBEY & SCHOEFFEL
SUMMER SEASON—POPULAR PRICES.
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The World's Greatest Magician,
KELLAR.
The Wonderful Illusion, "ASTARTE." The original Spanish Students. The Remarkable Mind Readers. The Steens Nana Sahib. Oriental Occultisms. New Slate Tricks. New Cabinet Feats.
SUNDAY EVENING, June 9, Kellar and Company in a grand Sacred Concert and Expose of Spiritualism.

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Manager..... .....MR. R. M. FIELD
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PERFECT VENTILATION! NO HEAT!
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Evenings at 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat. at 2.
Monday, 17th June—Extra Matinee at 2.

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EUGENE TOMPKINS....Proprietor and Manager
Monday, June 10.
New American Opera Co.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sat. Matinee,
THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Night,
THE TROUBADOUR.
Doors open at 1.30 and at 7.15; begins at 2 and 7.45

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Second week of the Distinguished Artists,
KATE CLAXTON
—AND—
CHARLES A. STEVENSON,
Accompanied by
ROSE EYTINGE,
ARTHUR H. FORREST and their own Company in the Grand Melodrama,
The Two Orphans.
June 17—MISS CLAXTON in
"THE WORLD AGAINST HER."
SPECIAL PERFORMANCE.
June 18.—Special Matinee in aid of the fund for the relief of the Johnstown sufferers.

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B. F. KEITH.....Proprietor and Manager.
Pirates of Penzance.
By the GAIETY OPERA CO.,
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KELLER,
the pedo-manual phenomenon,
—AND—
THE MIDGET TRIO.
Prices 10, 15, 20 and 25 Cents.

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The Great Resort.
Admission 10 cts

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Is blessed with the grandest human method of disinfecting the human body of the germ of all disease by luxurious fumigation, the most gratifying part of this is the adaptability to family use. The poisonous deposits, upon which all disease is dependent, is entirely removed by this COMPOUND VAPOR FUMING. All in search of health or lucrative occupation in this practice, and sales of domestic outfits should address "ANIDROSIS, Skowhegan, Me.

PASSING NOTES.

The knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoyment of it—this is the sovereign good of human nature.—*Bacon.*

I hate anything which occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of bandboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a barrel of big words without anything in them.—*Hazlitt.*

It is the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm and whose conscience approves his conduct will pursue his principles unto death.—*Thomas Paine.*

The small number of women who adopt the profession of dentistry as compared with those who go into medicine is a subject of frequent remark. There are not less than two dozen successful women physicians, regular graduates of medical colleges, in New York and Brooklyn. There are not two dozen women dentists in the country. New York, until March, had but one woman dentist in independent practice and possessed of a degree. The graduating class of the Pennsylvania Dental College has just swollen the number to three. Brooklyn has one woman dentist, Philadelphia has three, Chicago has two, Hartford and New Haven each have one. Boston is for women dentists an unoccupied field. The first regularly graduated woman dentist to open an office in New York was Dr. Olga Neymann, the slight, dark-eyed daughter of Mme. Clara Neymann, the well known writer and lecturer, who has been in practice on Madison avenue for three years. Dr. Carter of New York has a bright daughter who was formerly his office assistant. She proved so skilful in the work and grew to like it so thoroughly that she entered the Pennsylvania Dental College, where she graduated at the head of her class, and returned to New York to resume her practice with her father, and will be very probably the second lady member of the First District Dental Society. Of the three women graduates in Philadelphia this spring, one other has settled in New York, making a dental trio.

Miss Austin of Fresno County, Cal., who died recently, was a native of Nantucket, Mass., and an honored teacher in San Francisco for many years. She was the first of her sex to engage in the production of raisins for commercial purposes. She planted a vineyard of one hundred acres, more or less, cultivated the best varieties of grapes, converted them into raisins, increased her product from year to year, and sold them in the market for the highest prices.

Miss Ida M. Van Etten, chief director of the New York Working Women's Society, tells some heartrending stories of the sufferings of the working girls in that city during the last year, and a number of these girls acted so bravely and denied themselves to such an extent for those who were more unfortunate than themselves that they were deserving of medals. Some of these girls worked until ten at night, were allowed two hours' sleep and were then obliged to go to work again.

There are 62,000 women in the United States interested in the cultivation of fruit, and they include some of the most successful orchardists of California.

Miss Elizabeth Strong, the young California artist, who has made a reputation at Paris as a painter of animals, and especially of dogs, has been temporarily disabled. While painting her picture for the Salon, the turpentine she was using caught fire and burned her hands severely.

Lady Florence Dixie's little house by the Thames at Windsor is described as a curiosity. It is very small; in fact, the stables in which she keeps a number of little ponies are quite twice as large as the house and are very beautifully built. They cost Lady Florence Dixie more than she could conveniently afford, so she sent round to ask her friends to help her to meet the expense. Inside the stables have just been placed two marble tablets, one black and one white. On the white one the names of the friends who subscribed are engraved, while on the black one appear those of the friends who did not subscribe. Lady Florence keeps about fifty dogs, and is always either walking with her dogs or galloping along the roads on one of the little ponies. She affects being a very light weight.

Queen Victoria was very angry that her intended visit to Baron Ferdinand Rothschild should have become public, and the trip has been indefinitely postponed. A few years ago great preparations were made for the queen's reception at a famous country seat in Scotland, but she never went, because the project got into the papers, and so the noble owner of the place found that he had expended a large sum in anticipation of the queen's arrival utterly in vain, while the local railway company was also considerably out of pocket, as the station at which Her Majesty was to have arrived had been altered and enlarged expressly for her convenience.

The girls who raced on bicycles at Madison Square Garden last week have received their money. Miss Oakes got $418, Miss Brown $253, Miss Baldwin $190; others received $139, $114, $87, $50 and $25 respectively.

The House of Representatives has referred the license suffrage bill to the next Legislature.

The police matron bill has passed both houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Mary B. Clay spoke by invitation May 16, to the senior law class of the University of Michigan upon the "Common Law and Constitutional Right of Women to Vote." A good and appreciative audience was was present.

Miss Louise Abbema, whose exhibitions of paintings is attracting attention in Paris, has invented a *fixatif*, by which the pastel is rendered endurance. She is said to be the first artist who has been able to utilize the fleeting medium for fan-painting.

Dr. L. Anna Ballard was elected president of the Lansing (Mich.) Medical Society at its seventh annual meeting. Dr. Ballard has been the secretary of the society ever since its oganization in 1882.

Mrs. S. S. Fessenden, superintendent of Franchise for the Massachusetts W. C. T. U., has gone to Pennsylvania to work for the amendment. She is an exceptionally eloquent, dignified and impressive speaker, and her words are sure to carry weight.

Mrs. Mead, of California prefers ploughing to housework, so last fall she hired a girl to do the in-doors work, while she herself took charge of a four-horse plough. She and her husband between them put in 290 acres of wheat, and they are mutually delighted with the experiment.

Miss Corinne M. Rockwell is an exceptionally proficient pupil at the Woman's School of Design in Philadelphia. She had four pictures at the spring exhibition. It is an honor to a student to have even one picture selected. Miss Rockwell is barely eighteen, but has been for several years an acceptable contributor to the Woman's Journal.

Mrs. Jessie S. Ball has been appointed city treasurer of Osceola, Mo., by Mayor Johnson, for a third term. The St. Clair County Republican says: "Mrs. Ball has made a good officer for two terms past, and her appointment for a third term will meet the approval of every one in Osceola. So far as we are informed, Mrs Ball has the honor of being the only woman in the State of Missouri holding a municipal office."

Queen Margherita of Italy has succeeded in re-establishing the manufacture of Burano lace. This industry had almost died out. The queen found an old woman who knew the stitch, and had her teach a number of young women. The result is that Burano lace has again become a source of large revenue to the people of Burano.

Mrs. Emma J. Preble, of Gardiner, Me., upon the death of her husband, seven years ago, assumed the management of his business, that of a marble and granite cutter, and her trade has steadily increased ever since. She now has in her employ eight men on marble and granite work. She employs no agents but gives her personal attention to the business.

Mrs. W. B. Gamble, wife of the deputy sheriff of Akron, O., has just prevented the escape of all the prisoners in the county jail. They had succeeded in unlocking the heavy corridor door, and were preparing to batter down the guard-door, composed of light iron bars. Mrs. Gamble, the only grown person in the front of the jail, seized a revolver, and cried: "The first that touches this door is a dead man." She held them at bay till the arrival of the sheriff, whom Mrs. Gamble's daughter had summoned by telephone.

Mrs. L. B. Kellogg, of Emporia, Kan., whose appointment as her husband's assistant in the attorney-general's office has been so widely noticed by the papers, bears her honors very modestly. In a recent interview she said: "Don't write me down as assistant attorney-general; there is no such office. I am only chief clerk and confidential adviser, and I have been the latter for years." Mrs. Kellogg was admitted to the bar eight years ago, and has recently been elected psesident of the Kansas Social Science Club which will meet in Wichita in November.

Mme. Kerschbaumer, M.D., of Salsburg, lately lectured in Vienna on medicine as a profession for women. The assembly-room of the Industrial Union was filled to overflowing by an audience of at least a thousand persons, two-thirds of whom were ladies, whilst doctors and medical students lined the walls and filled every corner, among those present were Professor von Schrotter and other specialists, besides some of the directors of the Vienna hospitals.

A lecture was recently given in Paris by M. Leon Giraud. His views, says Miss Morilla M. Norton, seemed fully as advanced as those of the woman's rights advocates in our own land. He spoke of the abuses of the law; again, of the dangers to France arising from the decrease in her population. It appears that while the number of children born of parents married is decreasing, the number of those born of parents unmarried is increasing. This can only be avoided by protecting, by law, the mother. He brought up the question of unequal wages and consequent longer days of working girls spoke of the opening of all doors to women as the only way of solving the question of the professions already too crowded with women, as teaching, &c. One of the best points he made was in regard to women lawyers (he is a lawyer himself); it was this: Just as no one can understand the physical needs of woman as woman, and therefore the need of women physicians, so no one can as well understand the moral needs of women, and therefore the need of women lawyers to take care of the law suits of their sex. This meeting was simply the announcement of the Congress to be held next summer.

Philadelphia has a school with 1100 pupils under the charge of a lady principal, and all are so thoroughly drilled that the entire building, consisting of eighteen rooms, can be completely cleared in two minutes.

The Perkins Institute for the Blind, in South Boston, is the only institution of the kind represented at the Paris Exposition.

The Woman's Anthropological Society of Washington has entered upon the fifth year of its existence, and displays undiminished enthusiasm and vigor.

"Certain families have certain characteristics. Physical strength gives courage; weakness produces timidity. Length of life is the result of a principle of vitality received at birth. It survives all climatic and deleterious influences. Fecundity is likewise transmitted. Large hands are the inheritance of the laboring classes; small hands of the educated; and the peculiarity of being left-handed, as also ambidexterity, is hereditary. Habit an acquired disposition is often transmitted. Peculiarities of writing are often inherited. The creative power, imagination and memory are often inherited.

The two Senecas were famed for their memory. Coleridge had two sons and a daughter all well-known. The talent for painting is hereditary; among the Landseers in England, and the Bonheurs in France; and in the Titian family were nine painters of merit. The Bach family for 200 years produced artists of the first rank, among them 29 musicians. Beethoven's father and grandfather were musicians, as were also Mozart's father, sister and two sons. Heredity among philosophers is somewhat rare, as few marry, and some of those who do, leave no posterity. Bacon's parents and brothers were all distinguished. Erasmus Darwin had two sons who were physicians of note, and his grandson Charles was the celebrated author of the "Origin of Species."

TEMPERANCE.

Indiana has organized seventy new local unions this year.

Five hundred speakers are working for the amendment in Pennsylvania.

Pray to keep the boys from the saloon. Vote to keep the saloon from the boys.

A stereopticon entertainment entitled "The Saloon Must Go," has started out as a public educator.

A full-blooded negro girl is about to be sent to Africa as a missionary by the Georgia W. C. T. U.

Every family of the United States has at present to pay an average of $65 a year to enjoy the privilege of abundant facilities for being poisoned.—*Felix M. Oswald.*

Miss Frances E. Willard is spending two weeks in Pennsylvania, giving her help without charge to local unions that have asked her assistance in the constitutional amendment campaign. She will deliver twelve addresses.

The children's convention in connection with the Loyal Temperance legion is rapidly growing in favor as a means of arousing and strengthening interest. The Massachusetts Loyal Legions are planning to hold such conventions extensively this year.

The Progressive Age says that a manufacturer of steel cells for prisons whose place of business was in Topeka, Kansas, has moved out because the prohibition law has so reduced the number of criminals that there is no demand for cells or cages as in the bad old days of saloon supremacy.

"Suppose all the liquor in a town was in one large cask, what difference would it make whether that cask was tapped in one, two or ten places, so that the liquor was all drawn out and drank? High license proposes to draw all the liquor the people will buy, but it proposes to have a few less taps —that's all."—*Dalton, Ga. Citizen.*

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If you have Dyspepsia take
Ham's Aromatic Invigorator.
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Ham's Aromatic Invigorator.
If you are subject to Headaches take
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If you have Kidney Complaint take
Ham's Aromatic Invigorator.
If you wish to cure yourself of Intemperance take
Ham's Aromatic Invigorator.
If you want health and vigor take
Ham's Aromatic Invigorator.
For Sale by all Druggists.
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277 Washington Street, Boston.

$100 REWARD.
TUTTLE'S ELIXIR
FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Boston, Mass.
For colic, spavins, ringbone cockle joints, contracted and knotted cords, curbs, splint, shoe boils, when first started, callous of all kinds; will cure in seven cases out of ten. Will relieve in every case, and will guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. This Elixir is especially adapted for Rheumatism, Cholera Morbus and Diarrhea. Send for circular. 4 Merrimac street. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

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TEETH EXTRACTED FREE.
Beautiful Gum Set, - - - - - $10
Temporary Sets, - - - - - - - 8
Old Sets made over as good as new, 5
Partial Sets from $2 upwards. Repairing, $1 and upwards. Silver or cement fillings, 75c. and Gas or ether administered if desired. My sets are made from the very best material, and I guarantee perfect fit.
DR. G. O. HALL,
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A reliable place to have your Carpets and Rugs carefully and thoroughly cleaned, refitted and laid. Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds and Pillows renovated in first-class manner. If you are troubled with Moths, Buffalo Bugs, Water Bugs or Roaches, call at the "COMMONWEALTH" STEAM CARPET BEATING AND CLEANSING WORKS, Huntington Ave., cor. Longwood Ave., Boston.
WM. RACTLIFFE, Proprietor.
Largest, cleanest and best equipped shop in the State.

STRAW HATS.
LADIES WISHING TO HAVE THEIR
Hats and Bonnets Remodelled
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SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS.
Will find a full assortment of shapes at
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A preparation that will permanently remove superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Warranted Send 4 ct. stamps for sealed instructions.
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Per gallon for our old California PORT, SHERRY ANGELICA, MUSCATEL or SWEET CATAWBA WINES. Telephone 1944.
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Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

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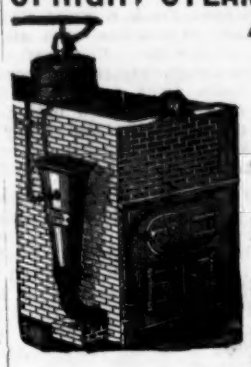

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Spend a V in providing such books as the above, and also the genial **College Songs** (50 cts), **College Songs for Banjo** ($1), for Guitar ($1), or **War Songs** (50cts.), or **Good Old Songs We Used to Sing** (1$), or one or more of our excellent Glee or Chorus collections. (See Catalogues.)

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MANAGEMENT OF ROSES.

A congenial soil is the first requisite for success with roses, and this is not always at hand. That in which the rose delights more than in any other is a deep, rich, heavy loam, moderately moist. The rose is a gross feeder and will at times resent neglect. Poor soil will not yield good roses. No, not even poor ones. A liberal supply of plant food is absolutely necessary, in order to secure roses. The amount of flowers is proportionate to the growth of the plant; they will appear just as fast as the wood is produced that bears them, and the wood is produced according to the supply of plant food furnished. That is about all the secret there is in growing roses.

The best plant food for the rose is a compost of well-rotted turf and cow manure in equal parts; this is to be applied at any and all times; it makes but little difference how or when, so long as the plant has always a supply on hand ready for use. Manures should never be applied to rose beds until thoroughly decomposed, then a surfeit is impossible. The best plan is, after the plants have been set in a well-prepared bed, to mulch the surface, say to the depth of two inches. If the soil is naturally cold and heavy, horse dung will be better; if light and dry, cow dung is decidedly preferable. Whatever the nature of the ground may be it should always be kept moist and warm, at the same time never sodden; too much wet is as fatal as drought; either will consume. The best situation for the rose is an open and airy one; in such, with a liberal supply of manure, roses can be had the entire summer, and it is folly to think of getting a crop in any other manner. In case of drought, liquid manure can be applied with excellent results. Growth must be constantly kept up; the more rapid, the greater will be the number of flowers, and the quality will be proportionate. As a rule young plants are to be preferred, and those that have never had a check from the time the cuttings were put into the propagating bench give the best results. Old and half-starved plants we would not plant under any circumstances, and it is by far the best economy to set out new plants every spring, or at least as often as once in two years.

To keep roses over winter, take them up after a good hard frost, and heel them in, in some protected place in the garden; lay them close together at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Pack the earth closely around the roots, then cover the whole with newly-fallen leaves to the depth of six inches; over the leaves lay some brush or throw over them sufficient earth to keep the leaves from being scattered by the wind. The following spring gradually uncover on the approach of warm weather, and replant as soon as the soil is in proper condition.—*American Agriculturist for June.*

The Medicinal Value of Color.

At a time when fog is prevalent, any mention of the remedial value of color and brightness appears extremely tantalizing, although from personal experiences of the depressing influences of darkness and gloom it is probable that every one will rate the contrasts more highly than at any other time in the whole year. Color treatment has been suggested for various forms of mental derangement—bright crimson surroundings for melancholia, soft blue for maniacal excitement, and so on. The report which has reached us leaves much to be desired from a scientific standpoint; meanwhile there is very little room for doubt that a prolonged period of darkness largely influences the mental attitude, and, by hope deferred, favors a general feeling of misanthropy. Pessimism flourishes in the autumnal and winter seasons, optimism in spring and summer, even though the statistics of deaths from suicide show an increase in bright weather. To restate a belief in the remedial value of color is merely to insist upon the therapeutic effects of change, since, in advising change of scene, brightness and interest are always the objects sought. No one would recommend a course of fogs as an alternative for sunshine. In other words, stimulants, as a rule, are more valuable than depressants.—*Lancet.*

It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Lighthouses do not ring bells and fire cannon to call attention to their shining; they just shine.—*D. L. Moody.*

Only the few favored by fortune can scale the rock of fame; but there is plenty of other work to be done by the multitude, as good and true in its own way if not so enduring.

Life would be one delightful slide if we did not have to drag our sledges back up the hill.

Stricture of the Urethra and all chronic diseases of the Urinary Organs cured by Electrolysis. No pain or inconvenience; gives immediate relief and no relapses. DR. EDMANDS, 8 Holl St Specialty, diseases of men Consultation free

THE MIRROR.

Silk and taffeta gloves will be generally worn, as the season advances.

It is a fancy of the time to tuck the entire fronts of matinee sacques.

Gray gloves, running to green tones, have largely superseded the tan shades.

A parasol with a handle of medium size is preferred by the best dressed women.

In walking boots it is noticeable that lace boots are more generally worn than heretofore.

Four rows of cord shirring under the waist line makes a very charming finish for a plain skirt.

English ladies wear large, soft silk ties, the color of the gown, in place of this discarded boas.

The suede glove continues the fashionable choice, though dressed kid is far more economical.

Little pokes of fancy mixed straw for young children are simply trimmed with ribbon bows.

This season ooze calf will figure largely in the make-up of both ladies' and men's walking boots, riding boots, dress shoes and slippers.

For both ladies' and men's wear all shoes have a tendency, more or less, to the common-sense idea, which is rapidly becoming popular.

The empire sash is of wide ribbon, with a boned lining underneath to keep it in shape and preserve the slender appearance of the waist.

The correct walking boot is made with high, though not slim, heels and round-pointed toes, ornamented with patent leather tips of fancy design.

Low cut shoes with gaiters of the color if not of the fabric of the travelling gown are very much more comfortable than tightly fitting boots of leather.

Waists of cotton dresses are always neater with "bag seams," which conceal all raw edges. Linings should be cut large and well shrunken before putting in.

There is considerable demand for pure white surah parasols with ivory or light carved wood handles. Bouffant styles in plain black or white net are also elegant for dressy use.

Some of the newest jerseys are gathered at the throat and top of the arm, and have a scarf fastened at the top of one shoulder, carried across the bust, and looped in a large loose bow at one side.

A seamless Oxford tie of kid, dongola, or ooze calf, made on common-sense lasts, broad heels of medium height, light flexible sole with square edge, is the low cut shoe in which stylish girls will promenade.

English turbans of fine dark straw with close turned brims, simply trimmed with velvet binding and close rosettes of fine ribbon or tulle, are used for travelling, shopping and general wear by young ladies.

Leghorn hats are more popular than ever before for children on dressy occasions. They are usually trimmed with ribbon rosettes and sometimes with clusters of fine white close rosebuds, white violets or some other fine flowers.

A black ribbon sash will be a most profitable investment for any girl or young lady, as it is the correct thing to wear with all ginghams, cambric and percale frocks, and will take off the lanky look that the lack of back drapery is apt to give.

Of the shoes that are made for comfort, the most novel is a congress made with a false button fly, worked with buttonholes and buttons in place. This shoe has the merit of possesing the beauty of a button shoe combined with convenience of a congress.

The daintiest bonnets for summer are severely simple in trimming, made of exquisitely fine fancy straw or of plain black net or some sheer silken gauze so transparent when puffed over the frame so as to show the coiffure beneath. Flower trimmings have become common.

To the list of wash dresses are now added the washing silks and washing flannels, which are made up with plaited skirts and sailor blouses or spencer waists, while the "flannelettes"—which are part wool and part cotton—are much liked for morning wrappers and for tennis and boating dresses.

There is a variety of draped corsages in use which outline the waist at the back only. In some cases the front of the corsage is draped in a single width, in pure Greek style diagonally from the left shoulder; this drapery is continued in the front of the skirt, the only part of the skirts where any drapery is allowable.

French dressmakers are using very simple models for cotton dresses. The skirts are full, gathered at the back and slightly draped in front. The round waists are shirred or plaited, and a ribbon sash falls to the foot of the skirt. A peculiarity of the sash is that the bow is not on the belt, but connects two straps lower down which proceed from the belt.

DR. KANOLAH'S
Ind. Veg. Pulmonary Syrup.
Warranted to Cure
Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,
and Throat Affections, and all complaints tending to Consumption.
Price, 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle.
Sold by all Druggists.
S. SEVERY & CO., Proprietors,
534 Tremont St., Boston.

AROUND THE HOUSE

One teaspoonful of ammonia to a teacupful of water applied with a rag will clean silver or gold jewelry.

Plaster of Paris is an excellent material for sealing catsup and fruit bottles or jugs, and is more easily applied than sealing-wax.

Strong muriatic acid applied with a cloth and the spot washed thoroughly with water, is recommended to remove ink-stains from boards.

One ounce each of cloves, cedar and rhubarb pulverized together, makes a good perfume for closets and drawers and helps to prevent moths.

Plates and tumblers should never be placed on the table bottom upward. The fashion is antiquated, and has neither sense nor beauty to commend it.

Make starch with soapy water, and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods. It prevents the iron from sticking, and makes a glossy surface.

Nature attacks dead organic matter wherever she finds it. If it is thrown out at the back door in kitchen slops, she attacks it there, and there generates from it a more or less dangerous poison.

A list of cheap simple desserts: Rice pudding, snow cream, floating island, tapioca cream, brown Betty, cup custards, apple dumplings, baked custards, rice dumplings, corn starch custards, snow balls, corn starch custards, Hamburg cream, farina custards, blanc mange, custard of wheat, fruit blanc mange, granules, canned peach dumplings, rice custard, apple tapioca, orange float, peach tapioca, pain perdu, lemon sponge, apple slamp, apple snow, apple fool, and tout fait.—*Table Talk.*

Housekeepers who have tried hanging up handled tea and coffee cups, etc., have no wish to return to the old method of piling them one into another. Where the depth between the closet shelves is sufficient to allow it, fasten small brass hooks along the under side of the shelf, far enough apart to prevent the cups, when hung upon them, from coming in contact. Where the space is too narrow for this, fasten the hooks to neat strips of wood, and nail up the strips in a convenient place on the wall.—*Housewife.*

THE HEALTH.

Carbolic acid is cheaper than cholera.

If poisoned by ivy bathe the affected parts freely three times a day with sweet spirits of nitre.

The simplest way to fumigate a room is to heat an iron shovel very hot, and then pour vinegar upon it, drop by drop. The steam arising from this is a disinfectant. Doors or windows should be opened that it may escape.

To relieve headache.—A wet towel heated with a hot flatiron passed over it will often alleviate the pain of aching heads. With two flatirons, one heating while the other is held by the patient, hot applications are easily made.

A method of curing drunkenness, which has frequently been successful, is to put a small dose of some emetic in everything the inebriate drinks till the frequent sickness causes him to feel dislike and terror at the very sight of intoxicants.

A blister applied to a felon in its early stages will often prevent its further progress. The blister need not be more than one and one-quarter inches square, but should be kept on perhaps 18 hours, when a dark serous accumulation can be let out. Paint the locality with comp. tinct. of iodine every hour or two till pain ceases or inflammation is removed. Apply fresh grated Indian turnip moistened with turpentine; it is most highly extolled.

The yolk of eggs made into a plaster with honey and flour, of about the consistency of mustard paste, gives speedy relief to one afflicted with boils. The white, used as a coating for scalds and burns, excludes the air, which so aggravates the sufferings of a burned person. It is softer than collodion, therefore better, and is always at hand; it is more cooling than the once popular sweet oil and cotton. The white, beaten with sugar, is invaluable in bronchical affections, especially in hoarseness, when a little lemon juice may be added with good results. Cider vinegar may be substituted for the lemon juice when the latter is not available. Leather chair seats may be revived by rubbing them with well-beaten white of eggs. Leather binding of books may also be cleaned by this method, but white Roman bindings should be washed with a soft flannel saturated in soapsuds.—*Detroit Tribune.*

FARM NOTES.

Too much of a good thing is good for nothing, but a little lime, sulphur, pepper, salt, etc., is healthful to fowls.

A teaspoonful of glycerine and a few drops of nitric acid to a pint of water will generally cure a fowl that shows symptoms of bronchitis, when accompanied with a gurgling sound in the throat.

In using carbolic acid as a disinfectant or insect killer in the poultry house, it is not well to mix with whitewash. The fowls may pick the whitewash for the lime to use in their system for shells, and thus poison themselves with the carbolic acid.

Young chickens drink a great deal of water, but they, in common with all animals, know just how much they need. Mix your corn and dough very dry and crumbly and let the fowls drink fresh, cool, clean water after they are through eating. If your mess is mixed too thin and sloppy you will force them to swallow more water than they need, in order to get at their feed.

A complete food for poultry is recommended by a prominent breeder as consisting of all the elements required for growth of eggs. It is to take one quart of wheat and grind it in a coffee mill, then add one quart of corn meal, two pounds of beef scraps, boiled tender, and two or three raw onions. Mix thoroughly, bake till well done and crumble up for the fowls.—*American Poultry Journal.*

A writer gives this advice: "When a hen has hatched her first clutch of eggs the nest should be thoroughly cleaned, filled with new straw, sprinkled with sulphur and lined with new eggs. Put the chickens in a cracker box in which is fine river sand and gravel; set the box in the sun when it is cold and in the shade when it is hot. If it be cold at night it is well to let the chicks hover on a warm board covered with sand, cover them with a flannel cloth and set in a warm place. When a week old if the weather is warm they may be turned out into coops. Put fifteen or twenty in a box.'

Poultrymen are sometimes troubled with partial blindness in their young chickens, occasioned possibly by too little variety in their food. The eyelids, in the morning, are stuck together so firmly that the chickens cannot open them without assistance. When both eyes are in this condition the chicken cannot feed with facility, as it has to be guided by hearing and smell, therefore loses flesh for want of food, droops and dies. These drooping chickens can often be saved by having their heads dipped in clean water and their eyes washed open. They then see readily, devour their rations greedily, and begin to gain flesh.

The cause of feather pulling has never been definitely settled beyond any doubt. It can be assigned to no single cause with absolute certainty. Probably it is due to a variety of causes, such as insufficient animal food, lack of coarse food, lack of exercise, close confinement and the like. But whatever the cause it can be prevented in most cases and cured in all. For prevention we suggest a full course of animal food, plenty of coarse food, like clover-chaff and cabbage, and above all something to keep the fowls employed. Keep them scratching; keep them busy; and they will have little inclination and less time to pull the feathers of their companions.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Harrison will give the ivy to be planted during commencement by the senior class of Princeton.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hutton have sailed for Europe to write papers upon one or more English capitals.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular "platform ladies" in England. She is earnest, graceful and easy.

The Pope recently fainted in his chair during a meeting of the Consistory, and his health is said to be seriously affected.

Ex-Senator Rollins, of New Hampshire, was to sail for Europe on Saturday, but ill health has compelled him to postpone the trip.

The London Daily News announces by request that, owing to causes beyond his power to resist, Mr. Gladstone is unable to visit America.

The German Crown Prince the other day received a little roan pony as a birthday gift from his great-grandmother, the Empress Augusta.

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Sir Julian Pauncefote visited the White House the other day and strolled about for an hour or so, sight-seeing, without calling on the President.

The French vicomtesse who gave a luncheon to "Buffalo Beel" in Paris last week was born Minnie Garrison, granddaughter of the late Commodore Garrison.

Mr. Patrick Ford, Mr. P. O'Brien, Mr. J. P. Farrell and other prominent Home Rulers gave Minister Patrick Egan his "send off" when he started from New York for Chili Sunday.

Mrs. General McClellan is in London for the season, and Mrs. General Logan left Paris for the same city on Saturday, bringing Miss Florence Pullman with her. They will spend the summer in and about London.

The honor of having the most magnificent home in New York belongs, it is said, to Henry G. Marquand, the Madison avenue millionaire. Almost $2,000,000, it is said, were spent by him for the decorations alone.

"I tell you," said Mr. Alden, the editor of Harper's Magazine, the other day to a friend, "Mrs. Chanler, or that girl Amelie Rives, as you choose to call her, is the most literary genius of this century. No? Well, just remember my remark ten years from now."

For some time the health of the Hungarian patriot Kossuth has been poor, and his demise has been momentarily expected. Indeed, reports of his death have been actually circulated in Hungary. It is now definitely stated, however, that the patriot's health is much improved, and that he promises to hold out for several years yet.

Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, cares little for pleasant surroundings in his study. The floor is bare, and the furniture consists of an immense table littered with papers, a smaller table covered with pamphlets, a chair and an old lounge. The only hangings on the walls are two wooden rakes, which the novelist uses in his garden, and a great-coat, while a wooden spade stands in the corner.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, says a Washington letter, is already almost as well known on our streets as his immediate predecessors at the British legation. "What a fine-looking Englishman!" everybody says, as he swings along at youthful speed and with youthful grace, in spite of the white hair and side whiskers which stand out so strikingly against his youthful, blushing face. He is a splendid specimen of the British six-foote r, and must be a great cricketer when he is at home.

A ladies' literary dinner was held in London a few days ago with Miss Olive Schreiner as president. Covers were laid for thirty, and no men were admitted. Miss Schreiner, whom some one dubbed "the Charlotte Bronte of our time," lives in lodgings at the East End of London, attracted to that unpleasant district, she says, by the greater vivacity of facial expression to be observed there.

The following family subscriptions for the Pennsylvania sufferers have been made public by the New York Mail and Express: The Mail and Express, $5000; Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, $3000; Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, $2000; Mrs. William D. Sloane, $2000; Miss M. Louisa Shepard, $200; Miss Edith Shepard, $100; Miss Alice V. Shepard, $100; Elliott F. Shepard, Jr., $100; Miss Marguerite Shepard, $100.

It is understood that Mr. James Russell Lowell will occupy, for the first time since he was appointed minister at the Court of St. James, his beautiful homestead in Cambridge, "Elmwood," on his return from England this autumn. Mrs. Edward Burnett, Mr. Lowell's only daughter, will make her home with her father at "Elmwood," as her sons are to enter Harvard this fall, and she wishes to be near them.

Prof. Sylvester, who came from England to be professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, is absent-minded. Calling on friends in Baltimore, he inspected the pictures on the parlor walls, and coming to two striking-looking ones, asked who they were. "George and Martha Washington." "Ah, friends of the family, I suppose." Afterward he remembered that there was a Father of his country, and apologized.

Miss Jane Cobden, the first woman elected a county councillor in England, is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snowy white. The expression of her face is refined and gentle, and she wears picturesque and becoming costumes, which complete a very attractive personality. And yet, with all her gentle womanliness, no one has done peripatetic agitation more persistently than she. She has lectured and spoken all over the country on all manners of topics. Her name is, of course, a very valuable piece of stock in trade.

Alfred Tennyson received ten shillings for his first poem. The remuneration was given him by his grandfather as the reward of industry, but apparently not of genius, since the old gentleman took the slate on which Tennyson had written his blank verse, wiped it clean and handed his youthful relative the coins with the remark—There is the first money you ever earned, and I suppose it will be the last! The Poet Laureate's next venture was a volume of verse, written with his brother, published under the title of Poems By Two Brothers.

A writer in the Baltimore American relates that Mr. W. D. Howells' grandmother was a very charming old Welsh lady, who had great difficulty in placing her "hs." She was doubtful about the pronunciation of a young lady's name, so she asked her: "Is your name Ellen or Helen?" "Helen," said the lady. "Oh! it's Ellen, is it? I always thought it was Helen." "But it is Helen; not Ellen." "Just now you said Ellen." "No, I said Helen," interrupted the lady. "Ellen," said the grandmother triumphantly. "Ellen, just as I said at first. I always like to be perfectly correct in calling people by name."

Robert Browning, says a London letter, goes out a great deal in society, and has an especial weakness for dinners. He is short and stout, with white hair and a glow of ruddy health. He wears his hair quite long, and has a moustache and goatee. He enjoys the best of health, and has an almost boyish flow of animal spirits and enthusiasm. He dines out nearly every night, and loves balls and receptions. Most agreeable in conversation, of course he is well posted on every subject, and his friends number the great men of the entire world. He is a great flirt, and very proud of his conquests.

Says a writer in the Baltimore American: Miss Anna Howells, the aunt of W. D. Howells, was a woman of very strong character. She had a very intelligent, beaming countenance, and beautiful, but piercing and brilliant black eyes. She helped to edit the anti-slavery paper published in Wheeling, while the pan-handle portion of Virginia was still under slave rule, and before the days of Lloyd Garrison, Gerritt Smith, the Beechers, and all the anti-slavery societies. As a part of her intellectual equipment she undertook to commit to memory the first Webster's Dictionary entire, and had half completed her work when she concluded to give up her self-imposed task."

Mr. Harry Furniss is about to have his portrait painted. It came about in this way. In his lecture on portraiture Mr. Furniss stated that frequently when a painter charged 800 guineas for a portrait 600 were for his name and 200 for the portrait, and that he knew plenty of young men without names who could produce quite as good a work of art for the 200 guineas. Since making that statement Mr. Furniss has received a number of applications for the names and addresses of these clever young men who do not charge for their names. In reply Mr. Furniss furnished a name, commissions ensued, and as a return the artist is painting his patron's portrait.

A report comes by cable that Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain signified at a teaparty her dislike of the tone of conversation by taking her leave. This is said to have astounded the aristociatic ladies who were present, who contrasted her course with the generally tame conduct of too many American women on their introduction into titled society in England. No one will believe Mrs. Chamberlain guilty of any breach of etiquette, and therefore the circumstances, as related, may have been the invention of some mischief-making busybody. There is, however, in the incident as related, an exhibition of womanly independence that will be approved on this side of the Atlantic.

Anne Sheldon Coombs wrote her first story when she was nine years old. It was accepted by the editor of Our Young Folks, and her literary ambition was appeased for the time being. After her marriage As Common Mortals appeared, and a year later she wrote A Game of Chance and stepped quietly into the front ranks of women novelists. She is a very handsome woman of the Junoesque type—usually tall, calm-eyed and colorless, with the stately carriage and fine personal dignity of the New York society woman. She is the wife of Charles Adams Coombs and lives in a handsome apartment on Fifth avenue furnished from the curiosity shops of Europe. She has travelled extensively, and spent nearly all of last year in Italy to find the atmosphere for her next story. She writes only when the mood comes upon her, and does not labor under the daily necessity of turning out so many words in so many hours. Like the Marquise Lanza, she has a fondness for pink paper, and has fixed her taste upon a peculiarly delicate tint which Tiffany manufactures for her exclusive use.

The average longevity of literary ladies would indicate that activity of the brain has the effect of lengthening their lives rather than shortening them. Mrs. Somerville and Caroline Herschel reached the ages of 92 and 98 respectively. Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth died at 82. Miss Harriet Lee attained 95, and Mrs. Marcet 89. Jane Porter died at 74, Hannah More at 88, Miss Mitford at 69, and Mrs. Radcliffe at 59. The average longevity of the ten ladies named was 82 years.—*Frank H. Stauffer in Detroit Free Press.*

There are said to be in the Library of the Vatican 23,580 manuscripts, a large proportion of which are Greek and Oriental. The famous manuscript of the Greek Bible, the "Codex Vaticanus," has hitherto been so jealously guarded that even professed scholars have not been allowed really to examine it. It is now, however, more accessible.

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CHOLERA MORBUS CAN BE CURED by using PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

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SORRENTO, MAINE,
NEAR BAR HARBOR.
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PROPRIETORS OF THE
Beautiful Summer Resort, Sorrento.
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The Cafe is unrivalled for the excellence of its cuisine.
Open from June 1st to October 1st
MAGNIFICENT COTTAGE LOTS FOR SALE.
COMPANY'S OFFICES: 17 Milk St., Boston, Main St., Sorrento, Main St., Bar Harbor
Direct route to Sorrento by Boston & Maine Railroad, Eastern Division, and Boston & Bangor steamers. The company's steamer "Sorrento" runs hourly during the season between Sorrento and Bar Harbor; 20 minutes' sail.

LANGWOOD HOTEL,
LANGWOOD PARK, WYOMING, MASS.
Open from April 1 to Dec. 15.
160 FIRST-CLASS GUESTS.
All modern conveniences; 300 feet above Boston; no malaria; mineral springs; purest of air; a real mountain home; beautiful walks and drives; fine boating and fishing; vegetables from home garden; the choicest resort known; table unsurpassed; lawns lighted with electric lights. Free barges meet the 2.30, 4.00, 4.45, 5.30, 6.15 trains at Wyoming, B. & M. Railroad; fare 8¾ cents. 28 State street, Room 51, Boston, 9 to 11 A. M.

CUTLER, MAINE.
HOTEL CUTLER
Will open on its third season June 25. For circulars and terms address J. C. RYDER, Manager, Cutler, Maine.
Or, 70 Devonshire Street.

Black Rock House,
NANTASKET, MASS.
OPENED JUNE 17th.
This house is situated on Jerusalem Road, and the situation cannot be excelled in New England. The beautiful modern house formerly owned and occupied by S. S. Rowe, situated directly opposite the Black Rock will be added to this hotel. The annex contains 17 large rooms with modern conveniences.
Applications for rooms can be made at Hotel Bellevue, 17 Beacon Street, Boston.
S. R. SMITH, Manager.

DOWNER LANDING, HINGHAM, MASS.
ROSE STANDISH HOUSE,
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.
SEASON 1889. OPENS SAT., JUNE 15.
Most accessible to Boston of any summering place; combines seaside and country. Reached by steamer—cool, no dust—or by rail to Hingham. Address J. W. G. GILMAN, 14 Bromfield St., Boston. Hours 12 to 1. Room 6.

LAKE VIEW HOUSE,
On LAKE POCOTOPANG, East Hampton, Conn.
Lovely lake 9 miles in circumference. Pleasant locality; charming scenery and nice drives; absolutely healthy; 500 feet above sea level, with good board, good company and good accommodations. Send for illustrated circular. D. D. BROWN, Proprietor, East Hampton, Conn.

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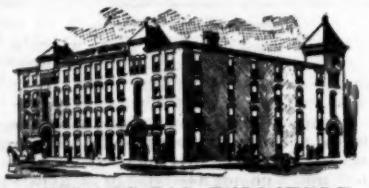
Will open JUNE 18th, under the management of WARE & ROSE. Thoroughly refitted; perfect system of sewerage; unsurpassed in accommodations and location; first class table. Inquire at 45 Milk street, Room 3, Saturdays, from 12 to 1. Post-office address, Clifton, Mass. Take cars for Clifton on Eastern Division of B. & M. R. R.
BENJAMIN P. WARE, STEPHEN E. ROSE, } Proprietors.



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Merchandise, trunks, carriages, packages, etc. People's Storage Warehouse, 124 Norfolk avenue (next street above East Chester Park). Private rooms $1.75 to $6 per month. Apply at 32 Pemberton square, Room 13, or at building. Telephone 222.

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Mrs. DELAND'S remarkable Novel, which has excited so great interest throughout the English-speaking world, is now issued in tasteful Paper Covers, at
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Central location, unexceptionable table.
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First-Class. Fine table, desirable rooms
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Washington Street, Boston.
GEORGE G. HALL, PROPRIETOR.

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ERROPEAN PLAN.
Opp. Head of State Street, Boston.
Entrance for Ladies, Court St., near Washington
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Bowdoin and Allston Streets, Boston.
Beacon Hill, near State House and Common, noted for its excellent table and moderate prices.

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BOWDOIN SQUARE, - - BOSTON.
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"The Delmonico of Boston."
Cor. of Dartmouth & Newbury Sts.,
On the route of the Blue Cars marked "Vendome."
BARNES & DUNKLEE, Proprietors.
CHARLES A. GLEASON, Manager

Hotel Bellevue,
BEACON STREET. BOSTON.
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S. R. SMITH, Manager.

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Boylston and Clarendon Streets,
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The Brunswick is the finest hotel structure in New England. Fireproof; modern in all its appointments; elegantly finished; kept on the American plan. Location unsurpassed. Dartmouth street, Longwood avenue and Back Bay cars pass the hotel every three minutes.
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Tremont & Beacon Sts., Boston.
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EUROPEAN PLAN. Both hotels (connecting) are most centrally and delightfully located, in the heart of the Metropolis, possessing all modern and sanitary improvements, and are elegantly furnished throughout. The restaurant and dining hall, including table service, and attention, unsurpassed by any in the country. Horse-cars to and from almost every section of the city pass the door every few seconds.
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Rooms $1.00 per Day and upward.
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BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST.
(EUROPEAN PLAN.)
Rooms $1 per Day and upwards.
WILLIAM TAYLOR. - - - - Proprietor

Selecting a School
FOR NEXT AUTUMN.
A little pains taken now by parents to examine schools while in session may save much perplexity in the Summer vacation, when information must chiefly be second-hand.
CHAUNCY-HALL SCHOOL (Boylston street, opposite the Art Museum), should be visited before June 12. It will be in session from 9 till 2, and the school-house will be open till 4. New Catalogue now ready.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Seven hundred per cent. is a very fair profit, yet that is what you can make by buying the seashore lots of the Cape Cod Bay Land Co., 230 Washington street. They own the finest beach in Massachusetts with fishing, boating and bathing, and everything that a beach affords, and they are selling lots at fifteen dollars each which are worth a hundred, and will soon be sold for that amount. Buy, and get rich.

Hitherto the lady with an incipient mustache, or other hirsute excrescence upon her face has been the object of commiseration among her friends, but now she is simply the object of disapproval, for she can have all that removed by using the preparation of Mrs. Dr. Augusta Solomon, 75 Court street.

One of the most notable beneficiary institutions of the age is the Deslon-Dupre Clinique, 165 Tremont street, Boston. The consulting board consists of four most eminent doctors, and such is their desire to benefit stricken mankind that they furnish consultation absolutely free. Their office hours are from 9 till 6 and from 7 to 9 in the evening. Sundays from 10 to 12. If you are at all out of sorts by all means consult them.

You are now packing your saratogas for the summer outing, but before you go away for two months remember to leave everything as it should be at home. Above all things have a good roof over your house that the summer rains may not beat in, and devastate your fire-sides, so to speak. Moore & Woods of 5 Province Court are the best putters-on of roofs in this town.

That straw hat that you wore last summer and that bonnet that you had the year before unquestionably contain excellent material, but just see their shape and color. You can't wear them as they are; but take them to the Hat and Bonnet Bleachery of Pool Bros., 16 Hanover street, and they will bleach and model them until Solomon had nothing like them.

This will undoubtedly be a very hot summer; everybody says so; and everybody knows; but hot summers have no terrors to those who are acquainted with the Ice Cream of the Oak Grove Farm Co., which may be obtained in delicious saucerfuls at their cafe, 413 Washington street, and in large quantities to suit the family at 80 Ruggles street.

The great question with you is what shall you do with all that furniture you have in your room. You cannot carry it with you this summer on your three months' outing. You want some place to store it where it will be free from moth and rust and burglarious intruders. Such, of course, is the People's Storage Warehouse, 124 Norfolk Avenue. Their office is at 32 Pemberton square, room 13. Their telephone is 222. Have them call on you and take your possessions, and then feel easy all summer.

As little thieves, being let in at a window, will set open gates for greater thieves to come in at, even so, if we accustom ourselves to commit little sins, and let them reign in us, they will make us be fitter for great offences to get the advantage of us, and take hold on us.

Westward ho! This is certainly the great opportunity of a lifetime to see the Yellowstone National Park, and incidentally Niagara Falls, the Falls of Minnehaha, and Lake Minnetonka, and a thousand other interesting things. Join the Raymond Vacation excursion that leaves Boston on July 22, and take in all these wonders. In addition to this grand trip there will be twenty-two others going in various directions, among which you certainly can be suited. Write to W. Raymond, 296 Washington street, and find out all the particulars.

Patent medicine advertisements ordinarily arouse in the minds of the readers a certain amount of skepticism with reference to their truthfulness. To avoid such doubt the F. E. C. Kidney Remedy Co. agree to refund any moneys paid for their specific in case of failure to cure. This is the true and honorable way in which to gain confidence.

BOSTON, MASS., May 3, 1888.
Messrs. S. Severy & Co.,
534 Tremont Street, Boston:

I have used "Dr. Kanolah's Indian Vegetable Pulmonary Syrup." I have used it in my family during the past trying winter and find it very efficacious for Colds and Cough; in fact we have never been so free from throat troubles as during the past winter. We would not be without it in the house for immediate use.
Henry C. Smith, 34 Milford Street.

SO. FRAMINGHAM, May 25, 1888—Messrs. Severy & Co., 534 Tremont Street, Boston: I have been using Dr. Kanolah's Indian Vegetable Pulmonary Syrup that you make for coughs and colds. It stopped my cough when others had no effect whatever.—Mrs. C. H. Lewis.

WANTED.—A lady or gentleman as agent in every town in New England, to sell the best article in the market, quick sales and large profits. For particulars—Address S. Severy & Co. 534 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

A Chinese dentist is practising in New York. He reached there recently from the West. A World reporter paid a visit to his office in Mott street and reported that the new-comer was doing a rushing business. "His methods, as well as the instruments used, were very primitive, yet he did his work like a genius. There was no easy-chair nor the usual convenient little operating table alongside of the dentist. The patient sat upon a common camp-stool, and there was a smaller stool of the same height for the foot of the dentist to rest on. The head of the patient was occasionally brought upon the elevated knee of the doctor, and upon the latter's right hand was his operating case, containing curious and quaint instruments. The rapidity with which the Celestial extracted a decayed tooth somewhat astonished the writer. By close observation it was discovered that a certain liquid preparation of a whitish substance was first put upon the doomed tooth to deaden the pain and to loosen the root of the tooth. The filling of the cavities was accomplished with like rapidity with a substance which looked like tin foil."

A sea of phosphorescent fire, extending as far as the eye could reach, was passed recently, 185 miles east by north of Cape Henlopen, by the Allen Line steamship Manitoban, from Glasgow. Captain Dunlop, master of the Manitoban, said, "Early on Tuesday night the heavens sudden'y became overeast and intensely dark, and I left the bridge temporarily, leaving second officer Johnson in charge. I had hardly reached the chart room when the cry of fire was announced on the starboard bow, and I rushed on the bridge and found the sea to be like a mass of flame, presenting a scene of sublime grandeur. Whenever a sea broke over the bow of the vessel, the drops of fire spread over the rigging and decks like the flying embers of a genuine conflagration, where sparks were driven by a strong wind. Everywhere on the decks were found tiny sparkling phosphorescent beads which did not disappear until the next morning. For two hours the vessel was streaming through the sea of fire, causing considerable alarm to many of the superstitious sailors and passengers. In the distance the sea appeared to be breaking on a strand, but a dip of the log without finding bottom indicated that shoal water was not near at hand."

Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Only Once.

Only once does a child pass through his school days; it is of vital importance therefore that he should go to the best school within his reach, one that will do the most for him, and the one of which he will be the most proud. Of all the schools in this vicinity, excellent as many of them are, there is none so good as Chauncy Hall School. It is opposite the Art Museum on Boylston street. Call and see for yourself.

"What's That!"

If anything is provoking, it is to have the man you are trying to talk to answer everything you say by a "What's that, you said?" It is particularly aggravating in as much as it is totally unnecessary, because even the deafest can hear with perfect ease by using Peck's Patent Improved Ear Drums, one of the greatest inventions of the age. Write to F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York, and get an illustrated book free.

A Charming Place.

One of the most delightful spots wherein to pass the summer is the Langwood Hotel at Langwood Park, Wyoming, Mass. It is high and airy and healthy beyond all possibility of any of those malarial influences that infest so many summer resorts. Beautiful walks, charming drives, a cuisine unexcelled, and a choice assemblage of guests make the Langwood a most delightful place.

While the medical profession has of late been subjected to much criticism because of the atrocious work done in the cases of Mr. Rice and Mr. Bishop in New York, only praise and commendation is to be heard for the celebrated Dr. James M. Solomon, Jr., whose Indian Wine Bitters have given tone and strength to so many thousands of sufferers.

Nothing could exceed the deliciousness of those unparalleled strawberry shortcakes which Mr. Kimball, of 6 Allston street, provides for his patrons. His restaurant has long been considered one of the best in the city. His shortcakes place it first beyond peradventure.

Divorce Figures.

In twenty years in the United States divorces have increased 157 per cent. They have grown in number more than twice as rapidly as the population. In twenty years there have been 328,716 divorces granted. The cause of the increase is largely to be found in the fact that the laws have been changed in the direction of easy divorce. Married people are not so much more wicked than they were, but the laws allow them to get rid of each other more easily.

There are far fewer divorces in the south than in the north, but even there the rate is steadily increasing. In South Carolina there were only 163 divorces in the twenty years from 1866 to 1886. In Delaware in 1870 there was one divorce to 23,627 married couples. In 1880 it was one to 5541. In the same ten years the divorce rate increased in Louisiana from one to 4579 to one to 1629.

New York is the only state in which the figures are inverted. Divorces in 1870 were one to 1,133, and in 1880 one to 1,151 This is because divorce in New York is allowed for one cause only. Unhappy New York couples go to other states to reside temporarily until they are freed from bonds. Many choose Rhode Island or New Jersey, where the laws are more lax. The showing of Rhode Island for twenty years is one divorce to twelve marriages. In New Hampshire for the last five years there has been one divorce to every ten marriages. It shows that divorce laws are no more loose in the west than in some of the New England states. In Nebraska divorces have increased 1,000 per cent in five years.

Diversity of divorce laws at present is so great that in one state a man may be a respectable married citizen while in another he is a bigamist.

A New York woman eight years ago was divorced from her husband in New Jersey, marrying a second. Lately the first husband's affection for his former wife rekindled. Then the wife went to Jersey, the second husband got a divorce from her there and she remarried the old flame.—*Ex.*

Good out of evil found a pretty illustration in the case of Hawthorne's removal from office. He was crushed by the blow, and staggered to his humble home full of bitter disappointment. No one knew him then as one of our greatest—yes, the world's greatest—men of genius. His wife quietly left the room, says Conway, then came back with an armful of wood, kindled a cheerful fire, drew his chair up to the desk, brought papers, pens and ink, and then, turning to him with a beaming face, said: "Now you can write your book." The result was "The Scarlet Letter," and such fame as no novelist in America before or since has attained. It was all due to his noble wife. Had she repined and added to his burden the world would never have know Hawthorne.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A cure for leprosy has been found, says Mr. Clifford, the last European to visit Father Damien. It is gurjun oil, the produce of a fir tree which grows plentifully in the Andaman Islands. It was discovered by Dr. Dougall, and Mr. Clifford was "assured by Sir Donald Stewart, who was then governor of the islands, and who has sent me the official report, that every single case in the place was cured by it. The lepers were convicts, and it was therefore possible to enforce four hours a day rubbing the ointment all over their bodies, and the taking of two small doses internally. In some of the cases the disease was of many years' standing, and the state to which it had reduced its victims was indescribably dreadful, yet after eight months the sufferers were able to run and to use a heavy pickaxe, and every symptom of leprosy had disappeared." Father Damien tried it, but too late.

Few birds of our time, says Piccadilly are more celebrated than the peacocks of Hughenden, so much loved by the late Lord Beaconsfield. But even peacocks are not immortal; and, one of them having recently died, the young squire of Hughenden has had its feathers combined into a hand screen as a present to Her Majesty, who is delighted with this souvenir of her favorite minister.

INSTRUCTION.

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Piano, Harmony & Composition.
Miller Hall, 156 Tremont Street.

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Mlle. EUCHARISTE PICHETTE,
Teacher of French Literature and Conversation,
In Schools, Classes, or at Private Residence. Pupils fitted for college in one year. 306 Columbus Ave.

MASSAGE
And Magnetism.
MRS. DR. E. M. FAXON,
22 Winter St., Room 7 A. over Stowell & Co

Mrs. Faxon has been very successful in the treatment of obstinate cases—*Nervous Diseases, Debility, Anæmic, Dyspeptic and Rheumatic Ailments,* and is permitted to refer to prominent physicians and to past patients. Also, instruction given in Massage.

OBESITY SUCCESSFULLY TREATED.

Office Hours—9 to 1 and 2 to 6, and Sunday Afternoons.

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Why pay 50 cents for a DINNER, when for 35 cts. you can be served at the "HOME" CAFE, 7 Hayward Place (two doors from Washington Street)? It is retired, quiet and NEATLY kept, supplied with everything the market affords, and cooked to perfection. Promptly and politely served. HOME COOKING a specialty, not in name but in reality. Come and be convinced. A convenient place for Ladies to Lunch.
J. PATTERSON, Prop.
Send for Price List. Telephone 955.

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ROOFERS,
Slate, Tin, Copper and Composition Roofs
Applied and Repaired in the best manner.
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All the new and improved Troy machines enable us to execute every description of Laundry work in a most satisfactory manner.

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SHIRTS, COLLARS and CUFFS,
LACE CURTAINS, HOLLAND SHADES,
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Cleansed, Pressed and Dyed equal to new. Also carpet-beating and naptha cleansing.
Send postal for team to call. Upwards of 40 Branch offices located throughout the city proper, Brookline, Jamaica Plain and Dorchester.
Send all orders to
GRIFFITH'S STEAM LAUNDRY,
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GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour & Corn, in the $5 HAND MILL (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS. Easton, Pa.

I have administered in my office, during the past year, the Vegetable Anæsthetic, and am satisfied that it is better than any other now in use for all dental and minor surgical operations.
DAVID S. FOGG, M. D.,
Member of M. M. S. & A. M. Association.

BOSTON
Vegetable Vapor.
(TRADE MARK.)

A perfectly safe and pleasant substitute for chloroform, ether, nitrous oxide gas and all other anæsthetics. Discovered by Dr U. K. Mayo, April, 1883, and since administered by him and others in over 300,000 cases successfully. Compounded from nervines, which form a powerful sedative, imparting oxygen to the system to sustain life. (Nitrous oxide gas as administered, is destitute of this life-giving property, and tends to produce convulsions and suffocation, asphyxia and sometimes death). The youngest child, the most sensitive lady, and those having heart disease and lung complaint, inhale this vapor with impunity. It stimulates the circulation of the blood and builds up the tissues. Indorsed by the highest authority in the professions, recommended in midwifery and all cases of nervous prostration. Physicians, surgeons, dentists and private families supplied with this vapor liquified, in cylinders of various capacities. It should be administered the same as Nitrous Oxide, but it does not produce headache and nausea as that sometimes does. I am prepared to administer the VEGETABLE VAPOR to patients at their residences, in or out of the city, who are feeble in health and are not able to call at my office.

☞A fraudulent preparation is being manufactured by unprincipled persons, and palmed off upon dentists and the public, as the genuine "Boston Vegetable Vapor." The trade and public generally are hereby cautioned to particularly inquire for the "Boston Vegetable Vapor," which is the trade mark on all cylinders.

Physicians and Dentists are cordially invited to call and test the merits of this new Vegetable Vapor.

DR. U. K. MAYO, Dentist.
378 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

BY REV. WILLIAM G. BABCOCK.

The spirit of the age we live in is eminently an inquiring one. Unsettled questions are receiving a courteous treatment as they ought to relieve the bewildering effects of doubt and uncertainty. No one should be debarred the duty and privilege of shedding light on vexed problems, in political, economic and religious matters. A very remarkable feature of these times is the ability of the secular press in this respect. Surely we need all possible assistance from all possible quarters to establish the best theories, ways and means of promoting human welfare. There is a pressing need of ministrations that will enlighten the intellect, quicken the conscience, warm the heart, and lift mankind from low and debasing objects of interest and pursuit. We cannot too soon find out the secret of interesting people in subjects and careers of supreme importance to themselves and the community. In our present transition from the era of authority and prescription to that of free inquiry and moral suasion, we encounter laxity of reverence and a sense of accountability in private and public relations. We see that neither the pulpit nor the magistrate has a sufficient hold upon the masses to empty our prisons, almshouses, saloons and gambling resorts high and low, or to secure love, joy and competence in our homes, places of business and of civil service. No doubt if we could summon all the witnesses in the world of matter and of mind, of happiness and unhappiness, we should be encouraged with ample evidence that divine goodness and wisdom can be vindicated successfully; but we should discover that it was only by incessant activity of the good, that evil has ever been in subjection, and that there is no possible hope for the future except by more effort, more light and warmth, more piety, morality and philanthropy, more diffusion of wisdom and wealth. Recruits are constantly needed from devotees of the old and of the new views of social prosperity. In our open court are advocates of conflicting hobbies for redeeming waste territories of poverty, ignorance and crime and ushering in the millennium on earth, and nothing is better than a fair discussion to bring out the merits and demerits of varying panaceas. Whatever is unreasonable, immoral, impracticable, will silently vanish from sight. Revealed and natural religion, ritualism and ethics, authority and law, materialism and spiritualism must all be treated searchingly and fairly by advocates, judges and juries, to ultimate in a more concerted movement for the improvement of the world. Multitudes are swayed by dictations and fashion; a majority of established churches hold to a scheme of salvation through faith in the atoning blood of Jesus; some are waiting for the day of annihilation of the wicked and the second coming of Christ as their only hope of bettering the condition of mankind, and others place their reliance upon future rewards and punishments to induce reform of evil doers. Still others insist upon leaving God, religion and future life out of the arena, and make man learn by experience to abhor the wrong on its own debasing account and pursue the good as its own exceeding recompense.

The situation is in some respects a pitiable one, because many are today suffering from indifference or alienation, from coldness, lack of interest, unrest and discontent, not knowing exactly what to make of all this variety of opinion.

There seems to be no lack of "lo here, and lo there," or of messengers from house to house and to distant continents to assure people how to find rest for their souls or relief from sickness; but a suspicion of selfishness, unreality, untruthfulness lurks in the atmosphere, and nothing can remove it till sectarianism, party spirit and greed for money shall be outgrown. The truth is that promoting human welfare has never yet been realized fully enough as of supreme importance to give shape and efficiency to the church or the state. Earnest teachers are now in the field with the doctrine of race solidarity, urging the fact that the world for all coming time is made better or worse for our living in it; that no higher reward or motive can be offered for doing our best and ceasing from evil than the certainty of conferring unspeakable blessings upon posterity. This sublime motive cannot be fully appreciated and glorified with a vast popular movement without a larger development of the unselfish capacities of our souls, but it will come in due season if we faint not.

Saturn's Rings as Viewed by Science Today.

I has been shown by several lines of investigation that Saturn's rings consist of independent meteorites, moving, each in its orbit, about the planet, and this conclusion may be safely accepted as correct. But every field of thought is now seething with the evolutionary ferment, and as we cannot rest satisfied with any conclusion as a finality we here merely find ourselves at the starting-point of new speculations.

What, then, is the history of these rings, and what their future fate? They are clearly intimately related to the planet, and their history would be complete if we could with the mind's eye watch their birth from the planet and follow their subsequent changes. Now although the details of such a history are obscure, yet at least a shadowy outline of it may be confidently accepted as known.

In the remote past all the matter which now forms the Saturnian system of planet, satellites, and rings was far more diffused than at present. There was probably nucleus of denser matter round which slowly revolved a mass of rarefied gases and meteorites. The central portion was intensely hot, with heat derived by condensation from a state of still greater dispersion.

As this nebula cooled it contracted, and therefore revolved more quickly. If you watch the water emptying itself from a common wash-hand basin when the plug at the bottom is removed, you will see an example of such quickened rotation. When the basin is full, the water is commonly revolving slowly in one or the other direction, but as the level falls and the water approaches the hole, it spins more quickly, and the last drops are seen to whirl round with violence.

The revolving nebula is flattened at the poles like an orange, and the amount of flattening increases as it contracts and spins quicker. At a certain stage it can no longer subsist in a continuous mass, and an annular portion is detached from the equator, leaving the central ball to continue its contraction.

We are pretty safe in saying that the rings of Saturn took their origin in some such mode as this. But it cannot be maintained that we understand it all, for we have not more than a vague picture of the primitive nebula, and the mode in which matter aggregated itself into a ring and detached itself is obscure. M. Roche has done perhaps more than anyone else to impart mathematical precision to these ideas, but even he has not been wholly successful.

This theory, commonly called the nebular hypothesis, was advanced independently both by the philosopher Kant and by Laplace. Various modifications have been suggested by others, but the theory, in whatever form, is replete with difficulties, and must at present be only regarded as an approximation to the truth.

If the past history of the ring is not wholly clear, it is at least more ascertainable than its future development. It is nearly certain that the ring now presents a markedly different appearance from that which was seen by its discoverers. Indeed the only doubt lies in the uncertainty as to the amount of allowance which must be made for differences of observers and of instruments. Huygens described the interval between the bright ring and the planet as rather exceeding the width of the ring, but this is now flagrantly incorrect. It is improbable that Huygens was incorrect, although, on the other hand, by the most delicate micrometric measurements Struve has been unable to detect any change in an interval of thirty years of this century.

We may call to mind that Maxwell showed that a spreading of the rings both outward and inward was a theoretical result of the inevitable impacts between the constituent meteorites, which he used to describe as a shower of brickbats. Thus, whether or not the immense changes suspected since 1659 are true, it remains almost certain that changes of this kind are in progress.

I venture, then, to hazard a few words of speculation as to the future of the rings. The outward spreading will in time carry many meteorites beyond Roche's limit; here there will no longer be an obstacle to aggregation into a celestial body, such aggregation will probably ensue, and a ninth satellite will be formed. The inward spreading will in time carry the meteorites to the limits of Saturn's atmosphere, where, heated by friction as they rush through the air, they will disintegrate and fall on to the planet as dust. After a time of which no estimate can be formed, the ring will have vanished, leaving the ninth satellite as its descendant. But it must be admitted that all this is highly speculative, and we can only hope that further investigations will give us firmer grounds for a forecast.—*Prof. George Howard Darwin, in Harper's Magazine for June.*

The Horror of Slavery on the Increase!

It is enough. Our hearts are sick with slaughter. Let the witnesses stand down. Is the smoke of this torment to go up for ever and ever? Remember that these deeds of blood and darkness are no isolated facts, no temporary misfortunes, no mere passing accidents of the savage state. They are samples of sustained, accepted, and carefully organized system of cruelty and murder which pervades and penetrates every corner of this continent. Do not let it be supposed that this horror is over, that this day of tribulation is at an end. This horror and this day are now. It is not even abating. *Slavery is on the increase.* Time, civilization, Christianity are not really touching it. No fact in relation to the slave trade is more appalling than this. The fact of this increase, for a time denied, then doubted, has at last been reluctantly admitted, even by the Government of England. In a Government Blue-book issued only the other day, Her Majesty's consul for the Somali Coast reports that "the slave-trade has been very active of late. On the 16th of September (1888), Captain Gissing captured three dhows and brought two hundred and four slaves to Aden." The consul at Zanzibar writes (September, 1888) to the Marquis of Salisbury: "There is a marked increase in the slave-traffic carried on under the protection of the French flag." The consul further states that dhows carrying French colors were constantly and regularly leaving for the Comoro Islands, Mayotta, and Madagascar, loaded with slaves. In June, 1888, Brigadier-General Hogg, dating from the Aden Residency, wrote to the Bombay Government: "I have the honor to bring to the notice of Government that I have from time to time received reports of the activity of the slave-trade from the neighborhood of the Gulf of Tajourra, and I deem it my duty to inform Government of this fact with a view to such action being taken as may be deemed advisable."—*From "Slavery in Africa," by Professor Henry Drummond, in June Scribner's.*

Trouble in the Harem.

There is a screw loose in Turkey. Some plot or other has been discovered, and the consequences are being seen in a number of mysterious arrests, and in wholesale measures of punishment against the press. "The Times" has been three times confiscated within a month, and "The Daily Chronicle" has been interdicted altogether. The fact appears to be that a serious palace conspiracy for deposing the Sultan was detected in the very nick of time. The Sultan was so unnerved by the discovery that he sent for Sir William White and asked for his advice. Sir William answered that the Sultan could only live in safety if he put down his harem, not as a question of morals but as a matter of policy, seeing that it was impossible to exercise supervision over an establishment of 300 ladies. The Sultan, who is practically a monogamist, would be glad enough to get rid of his 299 brevet spouses, but the customs of his dynasty forbid him to do this. On his birthday and on twenty other days in the year he invariably receives from his mother the present of a beautiful slave, and this young lady has forthwith to be transferred to his establishment in the capacity of harem dame, with a household of her own, consisting of at least four eunuchs and six female servants—to say nothing of horses, carriages and grooms. Multiply the number of these households by 300, and it ceases to be astonishing that the expenditure of the Sultan's Civil List should amount to 4,000,000 pounds a year. A large item in this sum represents the dowers which the Sultan pays to his slaves when he marries them. To favorite officials, about one hundred girls are married from the Palace yearly, and each of them is entitled to receive 10,000 pounds. Unfortunately, the bridegroom who takes a wife from the Sultan's hands must, at his earliest convenience, make a present of a slave to keep the staff of the Imperial Seraglio up to its proper figure. The Sultan loathes the whole thing, but what is he to do? There are too many vested interests engaged in keeping the Imperial harem supplied with wives, and if the Sultan were to cashier his entire female establishment he would certainly be deposed or murdered. Sir William White is said to have advised his Majesty to reduce his establishment by not filling up the vacancies, but this is not easy, seeing that every Cabinet Minister and Pacha of note looks to passing his daughter through the Sultan's harem as a simple means of securing her a marriage portion, with the title of Valide, which may be construed as Princess.

The man who would come to the throne if Abdul Hamid were deposed is his brother, Rechad Pacha. This Rechad is virtually a prisoner in Yildiz Kiosk, for he cannot go outside the garden gates without leave, and he never gets permission to take a walk or drive alone. He must always be surrounded by guards and eunuchs. Rechad, however, is a man of modern ideas, and lately he fell in love with an English girl whom he met boating on the Bosphorus, and to whom he proposed marriage after a week's acquaintanceship. The Sultan, hearing of this affair, has nipped his brother's suit in the bud by ordering the young lady to leave Constantinople.—*Glasgow Herald.*

BROCKTON, Jan. 15, 1886.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, Dear Sir,—This is to certify that I have used your Elixir and have given it a good trial on everything that was ailing, and I find that it is all you claim for it. I have taken off a shoe boil of three years' standing, and have taken off a thick tendon, pronounced to be incurable by good judges; it is smooth and sound now. Your Worm and Condition Powders cannot be praised too highly, as they will speak for themselves if given a trial; will make an old horse appear young again if given a chance. You can use my name for all your mixtures, as I consider them all you claim for them.

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Prevention of Magnetism in Watches.

If a watch has been exposed in a magnetic field, the balance-spring may become so magnetized as to exhibit a tendency to stick when coiled, giving rise to a change of rate, such as would be produced by a variation in the elasticity of the spring. In addition, the escape wheel and fork may attract each other strongly, and the balance, in turn, with these parts, may be attracted by the magnetism in the main-spring and various steel screws. It not infrequently happens that these forces become so adjusted that they stop the balance on a "dead centre." The magnetism of most of these parts, however, acts as a constant factor, and produces merely stoppage.

With the magnetized balance, the case is different. It revolves in a field of constantly changing polarity, due to the motion of the steel escape wheel and the main-spring. The first would occasion a throbbing rate, and scarcely be noticeable in the long run; the second would alter the rate irregularly, at times accelerating and at others retarding the balance. These would not necessarily compensate each other, and would spoil the time-keeping qualities of the movement.

The chances of exposure to magnetic influence are numerous and constantly multiplying, owing to the increasing use of electricity. The electric propulsion of street cars is one thing that may work havoc with ordinary watches, and, as its employment is spreading so rapidly, will doubtless cause a general demand for a non-magnetic watch. Of course there is now a felt need for this amongst electricians generally, and those employed in running dynamos and motors. All the stationary iron and steel about a railroad, as well as the cars and locomotives, is apt to be more or less magnetized. Employes who travel over the same route find their watches becoming unreliable. Some companies have recognized this, and adopted preventive measures.

When once a watch has become magnetized, it can usually be taken out without harm. One method that has given satisfactory results is to twirl the watch rapidly in a strong field of constant polarity; another, is to place it in a helix, through which an alternating current is passing.

There are now two methods employed for rendering a watch non-magnetic. One uses a shield or case of iron but the results obtained with these are conflicting. Some investigators find them insufficient in strong fields, though they may afford sufficient protection against weak ones. They seem to be in favor with railroad companies, some of which make their use compulsory.

The other aims to make the watch non-magnetic in its construction, producing a time-piece which is thoroughly reliable under all conditions of service. For the balance brass would be sufficiently non-magnetic for ordinary purposes, but in order to have compensation there must be some metal substituted for the steel. In one make of these watches the balance and hair spring are made of alloys of palladium, the rim of the balance consisting of two alloys, having different rates of expansion, making a thoroughly compensated and non-magnetic balance. The escapement is of alumnium-bronze, so that the watch is not liable to be stopped by magnetism. Another leading make of non-magnetic watches employs alloys of platinum for both the balance and escapement. The non-magnetic qualities of these alloys is derived from combination of certain metals in such proportions that their magnetic qualities exactly neutralize each other. Platinum and palladium resemble iron in their magnetic behavior,—that is, a strong magnet so affects them that they exhibit polarity in the same order as the inducing magnet. With copper, gold and silver, the reverse is the case. The former are termed paramagnetic; the latter diamagnetic. The metals actually entering into the alloy of the balance and spring of one make of watch are, palladium, platinum, nickel and steel—paramagnetic; silver, copper and gold—diamagnetic. This alloy is capable of being tempered to a high degree, and is said to possess an elasticity superior to steel.

Though the introduction of the non-magnetic watch is comparatively recent, yet, as they seem to be correct in principle, and their worth undoubtedly proven by rigid tests, they are entitled to be regarded as marking a great advance in horology. This is especially true, if the claims of an American company are well founded, that their platinum alloy is superior to steel for use in the hair-spring, since its elasticity is not the result of hammering, rolling, or tempering, but is a property of the metal itself. They state that the spring may be heated red-hot, and be as elastic as before, when brought to its original temperature. Thus the attempt to render a watch non-magnetic has resulted, independently of this quality, in producing movements superior to those already brought to such a high state of perfection.—*Popular Science News.*

Fresh milk boiled with cut sugar will soothe a cough when other things fail.

Shaking Hands With a Saucepan.

What a pity it is that so few women now care for cookery sufficiently to make them overcome their fear of entering their own kitchens at odd times! What a pity that the class spoken of as those who have never shaken hands with a stewpan is now so large, and the number of those who possess a silver saucepan so infinitesimally small! The sight of a dear, white-haired lady measuring out one wineglassful of port wine, and two of what she called "fair spring water," into a bright silver saucepan, with sugar, and cinnamon and other spices from her own spice-box, when we had a cold, is something never to be forgotten. How many ladies now possess a spice-box, or who could enumerate the spices which it ought to contain? and what lady could promptly answer it if asked which are the four cold seeds? With the changed lives of our women, changes have taken place in in our gardens too. Where are many of the old vegetables, and what has become of so many of the "pot-herbs and small saladings?" Who now as a matter of course, grows basil, hyssop, rue, burnet, balm, "tragopogon," purslane, sorrel, tansy, or sweet eicely? Who goes out to seek these or other "sprigs of summer," or rosemary, or handfuls of sweet briar for flavoring, or myrtle to put in the bills of pigeons? What careful housewife gathers hop shoots to eat in the place of asparagus? Such knowledge is now known no longer, and much that was pleasant and good has gone with it. Time was when women ought to have been poetical as landscape painters, whose almanac is forever before their eyes in the diurnal changes of nature.—*The Saturday Review.*

THE HAPPIEST OF NATIONS—FRANCE?—It has been said that the happiest nation is that in which the proportion of men and women is most nearly equal, in which the number of illegitimate births is least, which contains the greatest number of healthy adults, in which the average life is longest, and in which the proportion of people beyond sixty years of age is the highest. According to the Paris Temps, France is the country in which all these conditions are most fully met. While in Great Britain there are 750,000, and in Germany 1,000,000 more women than men, in France the excess is only 92,000. Between the years 1825 and 1867 the illegitimate births varied in the different countries of the Continent from 8.2 to 25 per cent., but in France they were only 7.2 per cent. The mortality in England is 31, in Germany 38, and in France 23.8. The proportion of inhabitants between fifteen and sixty years of age is greater in France than in any other country, and the same favorable showing is made for the average duration of life and for the number of vigorous old people

The Prince of Monaco lately read a paper before the French Academy of Sciences, in which he said that shipwrecked seamen who have to take to the boats without provisions on the high seas can obtain food from the ocean itself by trailing a drag net made of any light stuff along the surface during the night. The net will, in the morning, be found to contain some small shell fish available for food. In the sea to the west of the Azores, the prince added, the vegetable matter on the surface teems with animal life and fish which are capable of affording substantial nutriment.

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